

HUNTING BY PROXY

THE Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 26 Oct. 1960

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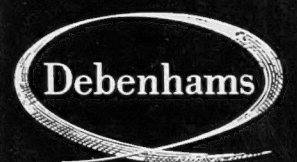
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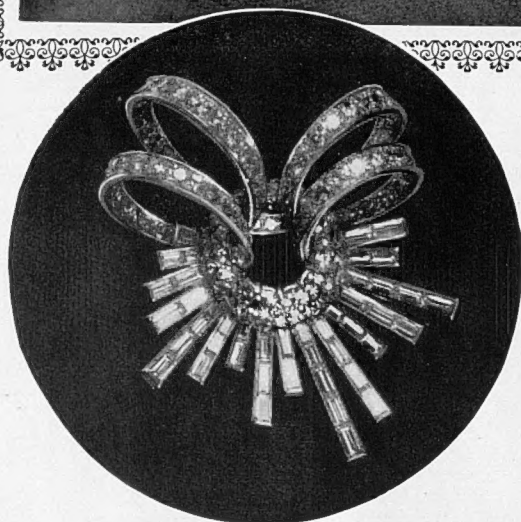
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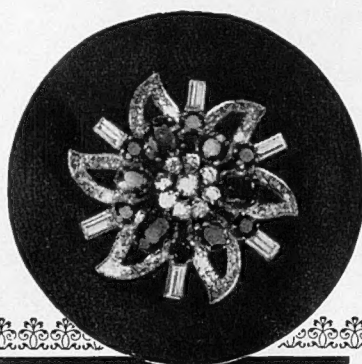
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Volume CCXXXVIII Number 3087

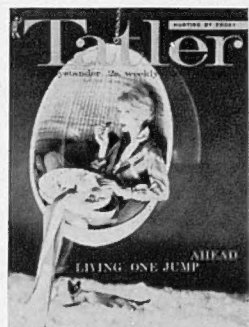
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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 5½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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A SLIGHT CASE OF TACTICS



Sitting one jump ahead in a chair hung from the ceiling by a chain (Italian £49 15s. at Liberty). The girl in the Emilio Pucci pure-silk shirt (17 gns.) and trousers (14 gns., both from Woollands) nibbles chocolates by Clare's of King's Road, Chelsea. Jewellery from a selection at Harrods. The cat is called Susie Shipton and COLIN SHERBORNE took the photograph

THE sort of woman who wonders just what her husband does get up to during those long hours he spends at the office will no doubt find her suspicions confirmed when she sees the pictures of relaxed luxury on pages 224-6. For as far as the office is concerned *Living one jump ahead* involves getting rid of the desk and moving the sofas in. It's all part of a new notion for softening up clients and other callers. But whether they could feel at home among that kind of furnishing presumably depends on how far they've gone in adopting some of the one-jump-ahead furniture illustrated on the previous page. . . . Another one-jump-ahead idea: *Hunting by proxy*. This is an extremely subtle ploy, calling for more ingenuity than outwitting the fox but earning all the social rewards of the most dashing riding. Mark Bence-Jones reveals the rules (page 215). . . . Also out in front are those who are moving on from the shingle. For the latest variant for hair, consult *Is the shingle slipping?* by Elizabeth Williamson (page 242). . . . Lastly, leather. This, of course, is a must for any girl who wants to live level with the rest, let alone ahead of them. Some of its more attractive applications to fashion are shown in *Leather slips the leash* (page 228 onwards). . . .

Readers who have missed Claud Cockburn these last few weeks will now understand what became of him. Inspired by the Martin Bormann search he went out after even bigger game. This week he brings back his sensational exclusive report *I find Hitler* (page 219). And guess where the fellow had got to?

Gordon Wilkins recently wrote about a seven-day endurance test conducted by a French team of Simcas. He has now found himself taking part in the same sort of thing. He was one of the drivers for Ford in a round-the-clock test on the Goodwood track, and he describes the exhausting experience this week, *Ordeal for Anglias* (page 244).

Next week: Winter Sport & Spring Cruise number.

SOCIAL

World Première of Man in the Moon (in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh), 31 October, Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of King George's Jubilee Trust. Tickets: from Mrs. M. Clarke, 59 Stanhope Gardens, S.W.7 (FRE 2285).

Katherine Low Settlement Ball, 31 October, Quaglinos. Tickets: 2 gns. from Miss Ann Ryan, 4 Lowndes Street, S.W.1 (BEL 3147).

Dress Show by Marks & Spencer, 31 October, May Fair Hotel, in aid of Family Welfare Association. Tickets: 1 gn. from Mrs. J. Coleridge, F.W.A., 8 Kensington Park Road, W.11 (PAR 6683).

Wye College Beagles Hunt Ball, 4 November, at the Tudor House, Bearsted, Kent.

Feast of Lanterns Ball, with Jean Patou Fashion Show, 3 November, Central Hotel, Glasgow, in aid of the Save the Children Fund. Tickets: 3 gns. from Mrs. William Blyth, 140 Shelley Road, Glasgow.

ART

Sir Matthew Smith Memorial Exhibition, Royal Academy, Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1.

Blue Rider Group, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, until Sunday.

Turner Exhibition, Leggatt Brothers, 30 St. James's St., S.W.1, until 4 November.

SPORT & SHOWS

International Motor Show, Earl's Court, until Saturday.

National Dairy Show, Olympia, until Friday.

Angling: Salmon fishing ends (England & Wales), 31 October; Lowestoft Fishing Festival, 23-30 October.

Association Football: England v. Spain, Wembley, today.

Race meetings: Newmarket, Ludlow, 26, 27; Kempton Park, Stockton, Chepstow, Kelso, Towcester, Woore, 29; Plumpton, 31; Birmingham, 31 October, 1, 2 November.

Tennis: Covered courts open tourna-

ment, Torquay, 31 October to 5 November.

Isle of Thanet Agricultural Show, 27 October; **Ladies Kennel Association Championships**, Olympia, 2 November.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Cavalleria Rusticana*, & *Pagliacci*, 7.30 p.m. tonight; *Der Rosenkavalier*, 7 p.m. 27 October; *La Sonnambula*, 7.30 p.m., 28 October; *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, 7.30 p.m., 29 October. Next new production, *Carmen*, 7.30 p.m., 5 November. (COV 1066.) **Sadler's Wells Opera**. *Tosca*, tonight; *The Nightingale*, & *Oedipus Rex*, 27 October; *Cinderella*, 28 October; *La Traviata*, 29 October; *Tannhäuser*, 1 November. All 7.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. Mahler Centenary Concerts, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, 8 p.m., tonight 7.30 p.m., 30 October; Mr. Acker Bilk's Paramount Jazz Band, 8 p.m., 27 October; Vintage Hoffmann Concert, 8 p.m., 31 October; London Bach Players, 8 p.m., 1 November. (WAT 3191.)

FESTIVALS

Swansea Festival of Music & Arts, to 29 October.

Bach Festival, Bath, to 29 October. **Harrogate Drama Festival**, 14-19 November.

Colchester Oyster Feast, 28 October.

AUCTION SALES

Christie's: Old English & foreign silver, today; Fine English furniture, Eastern rugs & carpets, 27 October; Pictures & drawings of the 19th century, 28 October; Oriental porcelain & jade, 31 October.

FIRST NIGHTS

Apollo Theatre. *The Importance Of Being Oscar*, 31 October.

Wyndham's Theatre. *Chin-Chin*, 1 November.

Piccadilly Theatre. *Toys In The Attic*, 9 November.

LONDON FILM FESTIVAL

National Film Theatre, South Bank. *Flight* (U.S.A.), 3 p.m., *Bad Luck* (Poland), 6.15 p.m., today; *For Whom The Larks Sing* (Hungary), 6.15 p.m., *Lady With The Little Dog* (U.S.S.R.), 8.45 p.m., 27 October; *Our Last Spring* (Greece), 2.45 p.m., *Los Golfos* (Spain), 6 p.m., *Rocco* (Italy; members & associates only), 8 p.m., 28 October; *Romeo, Juliet & Darkness* (Czechoslovakia), 3 p.m.,

Love's Confusion (E. Germany), 6.15 p.m., 29 October. To 3 November.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 236.

The Caretaker. "... Mr. Harold Pinter ... has found a way of pleasing, as well as slightly dazing, an audience. ... Brilliantly directed and acted." Donald Pleasence, Peter Woodthorpe, Alan Bates. (Duchess Theatre, TEM 8243.)

The Most Happy Fella. "... Sentimental, no doubt, but jolly and human ... an impression of simple rustic gaiety and charm." Inia Wiata, Edwin Steffe, Helena Scott, Jack DeLon, Art Lund, Libi Staiger. (Coliseum, TEM 3161.)

The Gazebo. "... a comedy-thriller likely to please many playgoers ... chance after chance for the display of comic consternation." Ian Carmichael, Moira Lister, Michael Goodliffe, Philip Latham. (Savoy Theatre, TEM 8888.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 237.

G.R. = General release.

The Time Machine. "... close attention to period detail ... scaring adventures with weirdies in the bowels of the earth ... consistently entertaining." Rod Taylor, Yvette Mimieux, Alan Young. G.R.

Jazz On A Summer's Day. "... bright idea of filming the Newport Jazz Festival ... revealing how disturbingly human in the pursuit of happiness can look." Anita O'Day, Louis Armstrong, Jack Teagarden, Chico Hamilton. (Cameo-Poly, LAN 1744.)

Strangers When We Meet. "... most of the people in it suffer from what I can only assess as suburban retarded development ... endless moaning and groaning and recrimination on pulp-fiction level." G.R.



SIRIOL CLARRY

GOING PLACES

BRIGGS by Graham

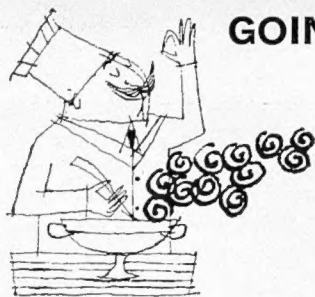




Cartier

175-6, NEW BOND STREET,

LONDON, W.1.



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

Le Bistro D'Agran, Pavilion Road, S.W.1. (BEL 3083.) Open in the evening, including Sundays. One of the very few restaurants in London that knows how to serve tomatoes as a first course. The cooking is good, and excellent value for money. An ample *salade de tomates*, followed by chicken in the rough with potatoes and two vegetables, and coffee, cost exactly ten shillings. Genuine bistro atmosphere including Left Bank music, but well above the Parisian bistro standard of courtesy. Take your own bottle.

El Tio Pepe, Shepherds Place, Upper Brook Street. (MAY 7892.) C.S. Has a somewhat misleading name. The décor is modern Spanish and there is a good list of sherries, but Spanish dishes do not figure on the menu, and there are only two unnamed Spanish wines on the list. The food is far from cheap. A three-course dinner of very ordinary *hors d'oeuvres*, *vol au vent* with spinach, and fruit salad cost 25s. Minimum charge for a meal is 17s. 6d.

New Assam, World's End, Chelsea. (FLA 7185.) Amongst the legion of Indian restaurants in London, this place with its modestly shuttered exterior attracts discerning curry-eaters. It is strictly functional, but spotlessly clean, the service is

swift and courteous. The cooking, too, is of high standard and the menu large. The diner would have to be hungry indeed to find it necessary to spend more than 10s. on a meal. No licence but they will send out. W.B.

Casse-Crouste, Cale Street, Chelsea. (FLA 6174.) Seven or eight tables, and a few more downstairs. A kitchen little bigger than the galley of a Pullman car, but first-class food coming from it. The fillets of sole with scampi and a rich sauce should not be missed. And take your own bottle. Open every evening from 7.15 p.m. excepting Saturdays. W.B.

The Cumberland, Marble Arch, W.1. (AMB 1234.) The restaurant is large and full of life. The menu is wide, the courses generous, and the quality good. So are the prices. All this, plus a string orchestra at lunch time and dinner. W.B.

Hatchett's Restaurant, 67 Piccadilly, W.1. (HYD 1804.) C.S. As popular with young people to dine and dance at night as it is with their fathers at lunchtime. The layout of the rooms has been modernized while retaining the outline that I knew as a small boy taken there for a treat 50 years ago. For me that is its charm. Evening dress is optional today. A band plays pleasantly from 8 p.m. to 1.30 a.m. and 12.30 a.m. on Saturdays. W.B.

The Exeter Room, Strand Palace Hotel, Strand, W.C.2. (TEM 8080.) If business takes you to the Law Courts-Kingsway area this is a good place to eat. It is restful and pleasant, the food is well cooked and served, and the cost extremely reasonable. Wines are good and inexpensive.

New Kulna, 36 Gloucester Road (top end), South Kensington. (KEN 0271.) For little more than half a sovereign this restaurant gives a generous dish of curry, with rice and the necessary trimmings, a salad of Eastern fruits, and a large cup of coffee. The curries, in wide variety, are well made and satisfy the experts. The restaurant is small but spotless, and the staff courteous.

Leoni's Quo Vadis Restaurant, 26 Dean Street, W.1. (GER 9585.) Open on Sundays for dinner only. Peppino Leoni, who opened this restaurant in 1926, is still his own head waiter, with his son Raffaello on his staff. He is also his own *chef de cuisine*. Few restaurants in Soho have more special dishes, and Leoni will gladly give you the recipes to try out at home. Prices are most reasonable. W.B.

Ding How, Thurlow Street, South Kensington station block. (KEN 1835.) You can choose from a menu with over 100 items, or eat a set dinner at a reasonable price. Half-portions of the *à la carte* dishes are served and are adequate except for the very hungry. Unlike many Chinese restaurants, it is licensed. The green tea is excellent. W.B.

The Columns, 2 Duke Street, Manchester Square. (WEL 1864.) C.S. Normally closed on Saturday evenings, but during August closed all day Saturday. It is over Layton's Wine Bar, a recognized centre of good drinking, and gives good value.

As the wines come from downstairs they are first class. Mr. Cescutti specializes in a limited number of dishes, which include a good chicken casserole, duck properly cooked with orange, and a *Steak Chasseur*. You dine by candlelight. W.B.

Chez Victor, 45 Wardour Street. (GER 6523.) C.S. Good French bourgeois cooking, including a real *pâte maison* and excellent coffee: a well-cooked three-course meal excluding wine, need not cost more than 12s. Much of the company is made up of regulars who know French cooking.

Jabberwocky, 145 Ebury Street. (SLO 7847.) C.S. This restaurant specializes in a limited number of dishes cooked specially for you, and the quality is high. The atmosphere is pleasantly informal, and its popularity with established customers is evident. W.B.

Le Rouge et le Noir, Pelham Street, South Kensington. (KEN 0780.) Small, plainly but adequately furnished in black and red, it is very popular, and to go on chance in the evenings may lead to disappointment. The menu is limited but the cooking really good. There is a club licence for wines—or take your own. Open until 11.30 p.m. The guitar music is almost continuous, but restrained. W.B.

Kensington Palace Hotel, The Vere Gardens, W.8. (WES 8121.) In my private *prix d'honneur* for the Best Meal of 1960, one eaten in the grill-room here is a strong contender. It was *Scampis Provençale*, *Suprême de Bresse Princesses* with *Piccolis Mornay* and *Pommes Crispettes*, finishing with a *Soufflé au Pomme*. With it we drank a 1955 *Jarnes-teler Lilac Seal Moselle*. The meal was produced at only 15 minutes notice!

GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland



WITH THE WINTER SEASON WELL under way, the big men in the club business now enter into a free-for-all with agents, performers and the club next door. The reason is, of course, that everybody is on the look-out for cabaret acts that will make people sign their bills with a smile. Results to date are highly satisfactory, though my pet belief is that the rivalry between the Pigalle and Talk of the Town has played a big part in raising the general standard of

London's late-night cabaret scene.

Top contender is Winston's where often-repeated descriptions like "polished, witty and sophisticated" really do apply. The whole show has a verve and pace that remind one of the better West End theatre revues. Danny La Rue is as usual the thole-pin of the show but the supporting cast is excellent too.

Among the smaller clubs, one that I tipped a few months ago, the Satire in Jermyn Street, is doing tremendous business. Mabel Pavlow

and dancer Jimmy Ryder are appearing there this week with Confrey Phillips, the club's resident pianist-proprietor who has attracted a faithful socialite following. The carefully-nurtured intimate atmosphere is bringing big rewards, deservedly. Probably the chief reason for the club's success is that Phillips has created a new sound in London—or rather an old sound formula in modern dress. Oldies in the romantic tradition of *Smoke gets in your eyes* and *Black Magic* get a smooth contemporary treatment that makes the Satire one of the few London clubs where customers can entertain themselves without having conversation-killing entertainment thrust on them.

The same goes for a little-known off-beat club in Green Street, W.1, the Chez Sophie. There on any night of the week you'll find a handful (that's all they can get in) of the Top Names crowded around the handkerchief-size dance floor.

The Duke of Kent likes it, so does Princess Alexandra. Even Eartha Kitt dropped in the other night to hear Sophie herself singing a little. Chef Max, a master of Polish cuisine, was for many years before 1914 at the then-world-famous Miedziedz (White Bear) in Moscow. One or two customers today remember him from there. After that, how faithful can you get?

The size of clubs like Chez Sophie requires a delicate balance between atmosphere and the number of people required to make the place pay. Sophie achieves it brilliantly. So does the Bon Vivreur in Shepherd Market, a favourite with Mayfair advertising executives since the 1930s. But they tell me that the door has had to be finally shut—there is just no more room for new members. Well, it's nice to hear of one place that considers the comfort of its old friends and puts that above the temptation of extra profits.



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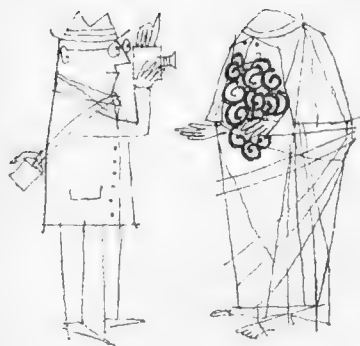
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GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Address book for the islands

MY CARIBBEAN FEVER COMES ON with the first fog of November. Admittedly it is an expensive time to go, for though I know people who manage to live there on a shoe-string, there is no getting away from the fact that winter visitors need a pretty well-lined purse. The West Indies have become an American playground and prices are mostly geared to those standards. Average hotel rates are 39 dollars (roughly £7 10s.) a day for two people for double room with private bath or shower and all food. To avoid dwelling too much on the dispiriting subject of money, I have used stars to indicate prices. One star means anything that costs under £5, with two for the real bargains.

In **Tobago**, Arnos Vale is the most attractive of the top bracket hotels. It is away from the main group, with a good beach and splendid skin diving. Beautifully furnished and appointed in ostensibly primitive surroundings, it has unforgettable steel band dances and barbecues on a torchlit patio at the water's edge. The Bacolet Beach House*, much simpler, has charm and a pleasant plantation house flavour, on its own beach. Finally (though this by no means exhausts the island's hotels), there is the little Bird of Paradise Inn* at Speyside, simple and clean-scrubbed, with adventurous food.

Barbados has some of the best and most luxurious hotels outside Nassau and Jamaica. Its two tops

—the Colony and Coral Reef—rival any. Both are on the coral sand beach of St. James. Below their price bracket, one can stay at one of the hotels in Hastings but the beach there is not nearly so good. Rather, I preferred a curious establishment called the Aquatic Club**. This is a timbered building with simple rooms and a kind of drugstore restaurant attached. One is not tied to full board here. So it is cheap and there is excellent swimming from its pier.

Grenada's the Santa Maria Hotel* has one of the loveliest of situations, just outside the town and overlooking the star-shaped harbour of St. James. In town, but still on the hillside, the St. James* is a pleasant local type of hotel. I liked too the little Ross Point Guest House**.

St. Lucia has the Marigot Bay Hotel. The syndicate which built it searched not only this island but most of the others, before finding the perfect place. They are now building a series of cottages for people who want to do their own housekeeping. Maid service will be supplied by the hotel, and the cottages will be let for \$15 a day for two people. In the hotel itself, all the rooms have private patios facing the sea, with riding (what a way to see the island!), sailing and tennis available. They offer demi-pension at \$25 double, or \$34 for full board.

The unconventional might appreciate Mrs. Snowball's establish-



Crowded street markets and sun-drenched beaches like Trinidad's Maracas Bay (below) make up a colourful pattern



ment** on nearby **Pigeon Island**. Once a D'Oyly Carte singer, Mrs. Snowball is one of the characters of the Caribbean. Both her restaurant and her reminiscences are a favourite with visiting yachtsmen. Her hotel is merely a thatched pavilion with a few rooms, and not too much fuss either way about the running water.

Martinique's best hotel is the Lido. It is built on a series of terraces going down to the water, has excellent food and wine. Its disadvantage is that it is some 10 miles and a stiffish taxi fare outside Fort de France. If you treat Martinique as an island to explore rather than beachcomb on, try instead the Imperatrice*, centrally placed in town.

Antigua now has a number of hotels. One of the most beautiful locations in the entire Caribbean is that of the Mill Reef Club, built by some escapist American tycoons for their own kind. One can apply for a room (pricey at \$46), but this is not out of line considering what you get. The Anchorage and Half Moon are both new hotels, the latter on a particularly good beach. I hear good reports of them, although some people have been slightly hipped at being asked to wear coat and tie in the evening. My own favourite is the Lord Nelson Club*, where you can do whatever you like. It is a completely informal, alfresco establishment, with some lively steel band

dancing. The beach is only a yard from the bedroom door. Nick Fuller, the proprietor, is the most entertaining host.

Nevis has two pleasant little hotels, the new Golden Rock*, built around a sugar mill, and Beachlands Guest House** small, comfortably furnished, good food.

St. Croix has two delightful hotels converted from old plantation houses. La Grange, at Fredericksted, and Richmond House, at Christiansted. More conventional resort hotels are St. Croix by the Sea, and the Buccaneer. Paring down the price, Club Comanche*, in Christiansted harbour, has great charm, as also has the Hotel on the Cay* on an islet nearby.

St. Thomas. On the best beach—and it's a beauty—is Bluebeard's, with a luxuriously informal cabana-type hotel on it. It is half an hour's drive from town, and therefore somewhat cut off from the considerable sparkle of St. Thomas's night life. In town, Smith's Fancy* supplies transport and picnic lunches to its own beach, and has a pleasant air of informal sophistication.

I have done no more than commend hotels which I know and like. If you seriously contemplate the West Indies, invest 45s. in Fodor's excellent Guide, which covers every single island and inhabited islet, giving shops, restaurants, hotels, transport, and more.

Weddings

Campbell-Gray—Lockhart: the Hon. Christine Campbell-Gray, daughter of the late Maj. the Master of Gray & the late Hon. Mrs. Campbell-Gray, married Brian Joseph, son of Maj. & Mrs. W. A. J. Lockhart, of Glencaly, Wicklow, at St. Margaret's, S.W.1



Landale—Landale: Linda Louisa, daughter of Mr. D. F. Landale, of Dalswinna, Dumfries, married George, son of the late Hon. Sir Richard Landale, Bt., & of the Hon. Lady Penman, of Staffield Hall, Kirkcaldy, Cumberland, at St. Michael's, Chester Square



Legge—North: Amanda, daughter of Mr. P. H. B. Legge, of Nash Farm, Keston, Kent, and of Mrs. David Hindley-Smith, married Desmond, younger twin son of Lieut.-Col. R. E. F. G. North, of Taynuilt, Argyllshire, & of the late Mrs. A. E. D. North, at Chelsea Old Church, London, S.W.3



Fyfe—Studd: Prudence Janet, only child of Mr. & Mrs. Alastair Fyfe, of Grey Court, Riding Mill, near Hexham, Northumberland, married Edward Fairfax, second son of Sir Eric Studd, Bt., & Lady Studd, of Tenchleys Park, Limpsfield Common, Surrey, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, London, S.W.1



Southwood—Stewart-Fitzroy: Susan, daughter of Capt. & Mrs. H. G. Southwood, married Lieut. Allan Wentworth Stewart-Fitzroy, R.N., son of Commodore & Mrs. William Wentworth Stewart-Fitzroy, at the church of H.M. Naval Base, Singapore

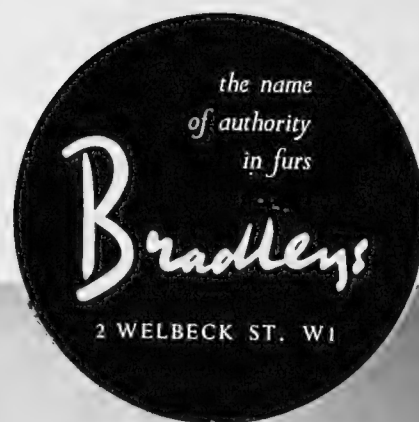
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Blithe-spirited jacket impeccably tailored in Persian broadtail and satin. One of the new designs in the 1960/61 Winter Collection by





THE GURKHA KING'S NEW BATON

King Mahendra, the music-loving poet-king of Nepal, drove from Victoria with the Queen on the opening day of his State Visit with Queen Ratna wearing the blood-red tunic of a Nepalese field-marshal. By evening he had advanced to the same rank in the British Army. The Queen presented him with the baton as a tribute to the Gurkha soldiers of Nepal who suffered 45,000 casualties and won 14 V.C.s in World War II

Who's driving what

An eye-on-the-Motor-Show check-up on people and their cars by MURIEL BOWEN

WHEN everybody talking about the cars they'd like to have or are thinking of buying, I thought I'd find out just what people are driving now. For some obscure reason newspapers that tell you all about makes at the Show spend the rest of the year disguising the ones people have actually bought by calling them "a black limousine," or "a 1960 saloon," or a "sleek sports car." We do hear occasionally about the 1959 black Canadian Ford station wagon which the Queen drives when she takes her children to polo or her guests for a drive in Windsor Great Park. But what about well-known people lower down the scale? Here's what some of them have been telling me.

Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, doesn't drive himself but he has a chauffeur-driven black Austin Princess which goes with his job. **Mr. Cameron Cobbold**, governor of the Bank of England, uses an Austin A55 or a Ford van. When it comes to official engagements, though, he rolls up in one of the Bank's fleet, a 1953 Rolls-Royce. The **Prime Minister & Lady Dorothy Macmillan's** family car for some years now has been a Vauxhall, and there were smiles of relief down at Hayward's Heath (where they weekend) when they got a new one this summer. Its predecessor was an affair of many summers—indeed when I last saw it the front buffer was very bashed about. Hardly a symbol of Tory prosperity.

The **Duke of Beaufort** has a new Bentley—he always drives Bentleys. This one has the appropriate registration number, MFH 1. "Somebody had it and they wrote and offered it to me," the Duke told me. "I shall always keep it now." **Viscount Monckton of Brenchley** (and the Report) has a 1952 chauffeur-driven Rolls provided by the Midland Bank. Otherwise he relies on a car hire firm, as does **Dame Sybil Thorndike**. Right now, though, Dame Sybil is "rushing round" in a baby Austin as her daughter-in-law, **Mrs. John Casson**, has come to stay, complete with car.

The royal shoemaker, **Mr. Edward Rayne**, uses a chauffeur-driven Rolls for formal occasions and for transporting clients, but drives a 2.4 Jaguar for getting himself around. **Lady Montagu of Beaulieu**, whose husband has a car museum, also puts her two cars to different uses. Her grey and white Singer Gazelle shooting brake, 1958, is for shopping and chores, and the 1909 white Humber with lots of brass (which she cleans herself) is for opening fêtes. "It goes down very well at fêtes," she says. It certainly has presence.

Somehow I'd have expected captains of industry to drive something large, heavy and black. But it isn't always so. **Sir John Brocklebank, Bt.**, chairman of Cunard, has a long, low-slung green T.R.3, his third in a row. "I just don't know why he likes sports cars, but it's essential to him to be able to get through traffic quickly," **Lady Brocklebank** told me. She's got a swish black-and-purple 1960 Triumph Herald Coupé. They also have a 24-year-old Alvis, kept mainly for its amusement value and for entertaining American friends.

Viscount Nuffield still sticks to his 1939 Wolseley 8—the only car he

drives himself. But for the past few months he has been coming to his Oxford office more and more in a chauffeur-driven Wolseley 690. It's a 1959 model that has since gone out of production. **Sir Patrick Hennessy**, chairman of Ford's, predictably drives a Ford. He changes his car every couple of years, and just now he's got a 1960 grey Zodiac Convertible. "There's great joy in really being able to see the fields and the trees and take in the landscape as I drive along."

Lord Nuffield and **Sir Patrick** will be relieved to know that my inquiries didn't reveal many foreign cars. The **Marquess of Bath** has one, a 1954 Mercedes Benz, and the **Hon. Mrs. Betjeman** has a French Peugeot, 1956, which she says is wonderfully roomy and "takes hay and straw and everything we need for the horses. But it's a very unsmart car as I never have a minute to wash it. There's always a horse to be brushed—and whereas nobody ever takes any notice of a dirty car you really can't be seen on a dirty horse."

But even if foreign cars are few not everybody is satisfied with British ones. **Lord Brabazon of Tara**—pioneer racing motorist, and aviator—says he likes the power of his green Jaguar, FLY 1, but otherwise he's sick to death of it. He's had it since 1954 and he's itching for a new car. All that's holding him back, he says, is that the motor manufacturers have no new ideas. He wants "something revolutionary" in design, something which he feels will be in tune with the 1960s.

In tune with the parking problem at least, many people are going for the smaller models. **Earl Howe**, 76, has a Goggomobil painted in his blue racing colours. **Mr. Billy Wallace**, one of the first of the minicar owners, also has a Goggomobil for London, but uses a 1956 Bentley Continental for jaunts farther afield. An ambitious touch in bubble cars is the blue Isetta belonging to **Mr. David Mappin**, a young independent silversmith. It's got a radio-telephone to keep him in touch with the office, and a portable tape recorder for dictation when he's stuck in a traffic jam. "All far in advance of anything you will see at the Motor Show," **Mr. Mappin** told me.

The **Hon. Lady Eccles** has recently bought a 1960 Morris Minor which she shares with her children in London. "The great thing is that it's got a wonderful lock and we can park it just about anywhere," she tells me. **Sir David** and his wife keep a dark green Jaguar which they "think" is about five years old, at their place in Wiltshire. "I'm afraid we're not in the least car-minded—we only get a new one when whatever we've got begins to look terribly tatty," says **Lady Eccles**. Skier and yachtswoman **Miss Hilary Laing** also boasts of the manoeuvrability of her white and purple Triumph Herald coupé, 1960. "I bought it because it looks sleek, but I've since discovered that it's just like a taxi the way it does those U-turns you're not supposed to do."

Miss Patricia Rawlings, up against the parking problem in its latest form, uses her white 1958 M.G. sports car in the country only. Grosvenor Square where she lives is positively seething with traffic wardens.

Station wagons? **Mr. Jimmy Edwards** has one—a Humber Super Snipe. He finds it ideal for the country but cumbersome in London, and is now supplementing it with a beige Mini-van (which he has already tried out to make sure he'll fit in it). **Mr. Christopher Chataway, M.P.**, & **Mrs. Chataway**, who share a 1960 white Ford Anglia, are looking for a station wagon. She told me: "I need something with a collapsible back seat so that I can slide a cot in and out." As for children, **Mr. Evelyn Waugh**, who has six, is tiring of his family outgrowing his motor cars and now has a bus.

Luxury footnote: **Mrs. Richard Fairey's** big air-conditioned black Chrysler has front seats that swing sideways towards the doors at the press of a button. No getting hung up by yards of tulle when arriving for an evening out.



As an armoured car took the guns into the fields it seems fair to call this day's shooting

The battle of Swithland Hall

The car of the week for me was the one the **Earl of Lanesborough** uses at Swithland Hall for transporting the guns round his Leicestershire estate. We set off in it last Saturday for the first Swithland shoot of the season. Ex-W.D., it's armour-coated to a height of 9 ft. (what bliss to put the London taxicabs in their place!) and it progresses with a resolute and massive rumble. "I bought it for £40 after the war and I haven't spent a penny on it since," Lord Lanesborough told me.

Its main job is hauling logs but certain refinements have been added for the guns. Seats, taken from the bus which carries the gundogs, have been put in and also a champagne crate (empty) which is used as a footrest. In the cab I noticed that the cushions weren't on the seats but were fixed to the roof over the driver's and passenger's heads. How necessary this was I was later to discover when we crossed the undulating fields at a spanking pace.

Besides Lord Lanesborough the guns were: Mr. **Jack Walton**,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

The battle of Swithland Hall CONTINUED



The guns move to a new beat. Skirting the furrows of a ploughed field is Mr. Freddy Peshall

Mr. Bobby Lorrimer, one of the seven guns who shot over the Earl's Leicestershire estate



Waiting for the birds (above) Mr. V. Burgass and taking aim (top) Mr. H. G. Turner





Above: the wartime armoured car the Earl of Lanesborough uses to transport the guns at his estate leaves Swithland Hall after the lunch break and arrives (left) at the scene of the afternoon's shoot. In the picture above are (from left) Mr. H. A. Turner, Mr. Freddy Peshall, Col. Pax Burgass, Mr. Bobby Lorrimer, Mr. Vincent Burgass, Lord Lanesborough (at the wheel) and Mr. Jack Walton



Mr. Jack Walton held both guns while Colonel Pax Burgass climbed over a fence

The battle of Swithland Hall CONCLUDED

Mr. Hugh Turner, Mr. Freddy Peshall, Col. Pax Burgass, and his brother Vincent, and Mr. Bobby Lorrimer—who gallantly took off his coat and put it over a tall, rusty barbed wire fence so that we could all climb over in safety.

It was a good day's shoot, with a large bag of pheasants and partridges. I particularly enjoyed watching Col. Burgass, whose cool, easy rhythm makes him a shot of exceptional skill. "Oh, you should have seen him the day we were shooting on the railway line," said his brother in the forthcoming way that brothers have when another member of the family is praised. "He shot through the wires and cut off all communications between Nottingham and London!"

A memorable feature of the day was the game pie which the Countess of Lanesborough served us for luncheon. Quite the best I've ever eaten, it consisted of the breasts of grouse (out of the deep freeze), with a plentiful supply of oysters, kidney, and mushrooms, and all cooked in red wine. It's served at the Berkeley as *Grouse Pie à la Lanesborough*.



Newmarket bets on the wind of change

What a much better idea it is to have the Yearling Sales at Newmarket now instead of Doncaster. It's more convenient for most people, and the surroundings are more attractive—due to the industry over the years of **Capt. Kenneth Watt** and his partners in Tattersalls.

The biggest price while I was there (pictures on page 221) was the 10,000 gns. paid by the British Bloodstock Agency for a colt by Never Say Die. Mr. **Robin Hastings** of the Agency tells me that the new owner is Mr. **T. Wada**, one of the biggest racehorse owners in Japan. He has cabled his father for permission to race the horse here next year, which will mean his colours will be seen on this side of the world for the first time. The horse will later go to Japan as a stallion. How far-reaching the results of jet air travel! It will take Mr. Wada less than a day to travel from Japan to see his horse run in England.

After the sales I went on to the races, the Second October Meeting. The wind of change which Mr. Macmillan discovered in Africa last year is now happily blowing on the Heath. There is a move to make racing better. The increased prize-money is certain to attract bigger fields. There is also to be Saturday racing, and a sort of Newmarket Week, combining sales and racing on the lines of Doncaster.

More interesting to racegoers though will be the abolition of the private stand and a club put in its place on the lines of Newbury. Membership will be on a more liberal basis than has hitherto prevailed at Newmarket and—of special interest to ladies—vouchers for friends will be available to club members.

So far so good. But in making improvements I hope the **Earl of Sefton** will cast his eye further. For example, Newmarket is a rather frigid place to go racing. It catches whatever cold

there is, though this is offset by a very attractive bar. Why not some blazing braziers, and lots and lots of flowers in tubs? Why not seats, too? Women are not shod like horses and they don't welcome an entire afternoon spent squelching in the grass.

CONVERSATION PIECE

Me (to Directory Inquiries): Can you give me the telephone number of Lord Parker of Waddington?

Operator (a breezy Scotswoman): Is that a public house?

Me: No.

Operator: It's a real Lord then?

Me: Yes. He's the Lord Chief Justice of England.

Operator (very shattered): Oh, I beg His Worship's pardon.

HUNTING



BY PROXY

by Mark Bence-Jones

slopes or the table nearest the door at the Casino. Too many people don't hunt at all, particularly in parts of England where the County as a unit of Society is breaking up and the Hunt is becoming a backwater of whose existence one is almost unaware, absorbed as one is by jazz and dress shows and motor racing. But in English counties worth their salt (like Rutland), in parts of Scotland and, above all, in Ireland, the Hunt is still the centre of country life, the County incarnate and mobile. Not to hunt at all is to cut oneself off from civilization. Hunt one must: if not in person, then by proxy.

Hunting by proxy is more than just following occasionally in a car, or on foot. Strictly speaking, it means being *represented by a member of one's family*. To the question "Do you hunt?" one must be able to answer "No, but my wife/husband/son/daughter/brother/sister/father/mother does." More distant degrees of relationship aren't allowed and mistresses and lovers are only recognized by a very few hunts.

In the broader sense, hunting by proxy may be extended to having hunted oneself *in the past*. All parents should make their children hunt. Ponies are cheap, the parents have the benefit of the child-proxy, the child will be able to say when it grows up "I used to hunt." And I cannot urge parents strongly enough to let their sons hunt at the university. It's well worth the cost of a hireling to be able to say in later life "I used to hunt at Oxford." It gives one an immense social prestige at the university itself and there's no worry about how one will acquit oneself in front of the County: at Oxford or Cambridge, if one falls off, one's friends will only think one was drunk, which one probably was.

There are other ways of hunting by proxy. One can give lawn meets, attend hunt dinners and keep hunting boots in one's bedroom. There are three famous Hunt clubs which no longer hunt, the Tarporley, the Perth and the Down. But it is possible to be elected to a Hunt club which *does* hunt, even though one doesn't hunt oneself. What one has to do to achieve this honour depends on one's own status in the County and also on that of the Hunt. If one belongs to an important county family that has supported the Hunt for generations, a subscription may be enough. If one is unable to ride but willing to work, one might become an extra secretary; if one is rich but unable to ride, one might become paying joint-Master. To be an M.F.H., if only for one season, sets one up as a hunter-by-proxy for life and is thus a first-rate investment. How much, if at all, one would be expected to ride during one's mastership depends on the Hunt's finances and again on one's own status. I can think of a popular baronet who was an M.F.H. for years and spent

every hunting season in the South of France.

Perhaps the most impressive way of hunting by proxy is to give a lawn meet. This is fun and also a cheap way of entertaining one's non-hunting friends (they can be sent invitations, as though to a party). At a lawn meet the hunter-by-proxy has a great advantage over the real hunting people: not having to make a restless horse stand still, untroubled by boxes, grooms or leathers, he can give his whole attention to the cherry brandy and the non-hunting girls. One of the most successful lawn meets we ever gave was when it snowed: hounds and horses were sent away and everybody came indoors for what became a very good hunt by proxy indeed.

Here is an axiom. *The less you are and the less you hunt, the more you must talk about hunting.* I envy two acquaintances of mine, both of whom *really* hunt in the shires. One is a nobleman who silences every hunting bore with the lie "I don't hunt." The other is a girl who limits her hunting conversation to saying in a vague manner "I hunt with a pack called the Pytchley." But the ordinary humble hunter-by-proxy has to take a serious interest in hunting. He should get to know about every meet, every covert; develop a good ear for the music of hounds; and in this connection I should mention an excellent long-playing record now on the market. He must listen to and memorize stories of famous runs since the days of Nimrod. An optional, but highly desirable, extra is to be a good performer on the hunting horn at hunt balls.

At hunt balls, every good hunter-by-proxy deserves to wear a pink evening coat. Few would have the courage of Miss Nancy Mitford's young men who wore pink coats because they were "so pretty"; though the late and legendary Lord Tredegar is said to have come down to dinner in a red velvet tail coat having told his guests to wear what they liked. People who belong to Hunt clubs or have hunted in the past can wear pink coats as a matter of course. If one belongs to an important county family which has patronized a hunt for generations one usually feels one has a right to wear one of the many pink coats that are knocking about one's house. Then there is the sort of person who puts on his grandfather's pink coat without even knowing to what hunt it belongs: I know a young man whose coat was that of a pack in British India, defunct before he was born. Such a young man, particularly if he's not so *very* young and is trying to get off with a pre-deb, deserves to be accosted by a white-haired veteran: "By jove, old feller, I see you were at Jorrockspore." And I look forward to the day when somebody appears in his grandfather's pink coat and it turns out that his grandfather was a toastmaster.

HUNTING games by proxy is already a national religion. One thinks of the crowds at the Test Match, the Cup Final or Wimbledon; of the enthusiastic members of polo clubs whose polo is limited to sitting in their cars on the shady side of the ground and treading in the divots between chukkas. Field sports by proxy are more difficult. Fishing by proxy is impossible. One is no longer invited to a shooting party unless one shoots. But one can hunt by proxy.

Today, real hunting, that is, riding straight to hounds, requires either a lot of money or a lot of hard work. For the ordinary person with limited means, other work to do and perhaps other winter interests, such as ski-ing or the South of France, hunting is becoming more and more difficult. For him, there are three courses open: to take Holy Orders and only ride as far as the first covert (the prescribed limit for Trollope's parsons), not to hunt at all, or to hunt by proxy. The first course could be attractive, but there may also be rules not allowing clergymen to go beyond the nursery



An evening at Sotheby's

where, in 75 minutes, 51 paintings & drawings (including 29 Picassos) from the Jacques Sarlie Foundation of New York fetched a dazzling £429,700

Buyers craned for a view of the sale. In the equally crowded ante-rooms an overflow audience watched the auction on closed-circuit TV

*Mrs. Ian Jay with her mother,
Mrs. Jack Steinberg*



Miss Olga Deterding



*Mrs. George Christie, wife of the
director of Glyndebourne*



Photographed by newsreel and TV cameras (left) Mr. Peter Wilton (above) knocked down a 1909 Picasso *Femme assise dans un Fauteuil* for £30,000



Miss Digby Jones



Mr. R. Grierson



Mr. Somerset Maugham



PHOTOGRAPHS: A. V. SWAEBE

Mr. Jacques Sarlie (right), from New York, whose collection was being auctioned, with Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mr. T. Palcevitch and Princess Grace Radziwill



FOR 'ROYAL,' READ 'REPUBLICAN'



Echoing "The King is dead, long live the King," the former royal throne of Iraq has undergone a discreet modification to fit it for the Republican régime. King Faisal never actually sat on the royal throne shown at right, as it was intended for the new palace built on the Tigris which had not been completed when he was assassinated. Now the palace has been taken over for ceremonial occasions by General Kassem. But



he could hardly sit on a throne adorned with monarchical reminders, so the royal crest has been duly removed in Asprey's London workshops by Mr. Tom Price (seen holding it, left). A neutral design of flowers and minarets has been substituted. Thus suitably republicanized the two thrones above (one of them was intended for the bride Faisal was to marry at Christmas in 1958) are ready to dignify the presidential presence

SCOOP!

I FIND HITLER!

Lost Fuehrer tells:

'Where I have been all this time'

FROM OUR EXTRA-SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT CLAUD COCKBURN

Leaning across a bar in Tel-Aviv I was at the end of a long, long trail. I had absolute proof that the sleazy little old man facing me was Adolf Hitler

In a later dispatch I shall relate in full just how, alone among the journalists of the world, I today found Hitler, after following him around for many years—always, it seemed, just on the verge of discovery, always until now baulked at the last moment.

My conviction that the man had not died in the Berlin bunker in 1945 as popularly reported and later "confirmed" by experts was based on my general principle that anything which is popularly reported and confirmed by experts is unlikely to be true. Admittedly, I was influenced, too, by the opinion of Joseph Stalin who always said the story of Hitler's death was a figment put about by capitalist hyenas for reasons which, he affirmed, must be apparent to any thinking man—and any man to whom such a fact was not apparent was probably a capitalist hyena himself.

Though I never cared personally for Stalin—his manner to journalists was incorrect and I once saw him actually snap his fingers at the Diplomatic Correspondent of *The Times*—I always felt that he was, to some extent, a man-of-the-world. (It is for this reason that I very much doubt that he is dead, either. A few years from now I expect to be able to offer readers of this newspaper an exclusive interview with him. There are, of course, naive people who think that because his embalmed body is on public view in the Kremlin he simply must be dead. To me this is a strong indication to the contrary. Any man in the modern world who wanted to pretend he was dead when he was not would, surely, take the elementary precaution of having an embalmed body labelled "Me" on view somewhere to mislead historians, journalists and secret agents.)

It had to be Israel

Many of my journalistic colleagues—to whose diligence I accord an admiration which I cannot

wholly offer to their imaginative powers—thought that if Hitler was anywhere he must be in South America. Eichmann was in South America. So—until it turned out that he was actually a one-armed man of a different name—was old Martin Bormann who, I suppose, has made more money for more free-lance journalists than anyone other than delinquent wards of court or slightly corrupt footballers.

By a process of what I like to call "reasoning" I came to the conclusion that the place Hitler was going to be was Israel; and here, incontrovertibly, he was.

Knowing his character well, I was not surprised to see him raise his arm in a gesture of shambling servility and say—out of the corner of his mouth, which itself was concealed by an enormous R.A.F. moustache—"Heil Cockburn."

Though I never cared personally for Hitler—I know I have expressed the same opinion of Stalin but I stick to it—I felt that the occasion called for some kind of momentous and memorable statement on my side. Summoning all my energies and conversational resources together I said: "Rather long time no see."

To this he replied: "You're so right, Jack."

I could see that he was nervous and—after the conventional question as to whether I preferred

Booths's, Gordons, Gilbeys or Home Brew—he said "Listen chum, are you going to ask me about did I get away in a long-range submarine from Bremen? That's the question everyone kept asking in the headlines. Fair gave me the willies. Naturally, if I'd had a submarine with anyone in charge of it that wasn't going to shoot me two seconds after submersion I'd have taken it. But I didn't have"—and here his voice became a little hysterical—"I didn't have no bleeding submarine."

In the interests of keeping the interview on a reasonably even keel I remarked on the excellence of his English (though noting to myself that some of his expressions seemed a little dated.)

"Well natch," he responded. "I had to learn it when I was working for E.N.S.A. First thing I

did after getting out of Berlin. Entertaining the troops and all that. Make the Tommies feel a bit at home in a foreign land."

"And just what form," I asked him, "did your entertainment take?"

"Well what d'you think chum?" said he. "Don't be thick headed. I did a slight impersonation. Hair over the forehead and shrieking. And don't forget I still had my little old moustache. Talk about laugh."

The job folded

That job "packed in"—to use Adolf's phrase—just on account of that there was a man from Birmingham, another entertainer who claimed (and proved on the stage) that his own little impersonation of Adolf Hitler was more realistic. As a consequence—"after all, mate, a man can't get much more like himself than he is, I mean can he?"—this man, who, it will be recalled, made a certain impact on European life in the 1930s and 1940s, was compelled to accept employment at a well-known golf club in the Home Counties.

"Actually, old man," he told me, "it wasn't so bad. Meantersay a lot of the bods thought more or less along—well I mean they were what I'd have called in the old days (and jimminy Christmas it really was getting to be the old days by this time), *sympathisch*. Know what I mean? I'd buy a man a beer, he'd buy an ice-cream and pretty soon we were in there together swilling and munching and telling some pretty snide stories about Winston and Monty and the rest of them. Meantersay I used to point out to them that in terms of common decency and civilization the

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



I FIND HITLER *concluded*

Germans won the war. Basically the British were licked.

"I found the club members very clear in their heads about this. What with their crippling taxes and the way our dear old Adenauer and my old friend Alfried Krupp and the Volkswagen people and the rest of the boys were going ahead in *Deutschland Deutschland über Alles* they couldn't really feel any other way about it."

"Under what name," I asked, "were you going at the time?"

"Well, I had a passport in the name of Smith and another—just to be on the safe side—in the names of Jones. But the boys at the club usually called me 'Hitler'—just for a joke, you know, because, naturally enough, I looked so like me. Of course it was a bit of a bind listening to talk about golf all the time—I'd no interest in the game at all. Never could see the point of it. At least I didn't have to actually play it—couldn't, on account of my arm injury, the one I got when that fellow Von Whatsisname put that bomb under my desk. Matter of fact it was that bombing that lost me the job in the end."

Bored with the bomb

He paused and sighed. And I asked him "How come?"

"Well you know what human nature is. Man who's been nearly blown to bits by a bomb just can't resist telling people about it. I couldn't, anyway, and after a while the club members kind of revolted—said if they had to hear my bomb story just once more they'd resign. So I had to quit. Maybe I would have anyway. You see this was just the time, a few months ago, when those Israeli agents kidnapped Eichmann down in the Argentine. So I got to thinking: If they've caught up with poor old mass-murderer Eichy (as I used to call him), maybe some of them are on my track, too. Nobody wants to be kidnapped and forcibly dragged off to Israel, and the best way I could think of to avoid that was to come to Israel under my own steam. And here I am. Not doing too badly either. Nice little business this," he said, looking complacently round his small café and bar.

Who'll believe you?

The man's complacency irked me and I decided to give it a jab with a sharp needle.

"Does it occur to you," I said, "that when I publish this story and reveal that Adolf Hitler is running a bar in Tel-Aviv your goose will be well and truly cooked?"

He smiled his familiar, greasy smile.

"And does it not occur to you," he said, "that nobody on God's earth is going to believe a story like that? All that'll happen will be that everyone will say you've had your leg well and truly pulled. Follow what I meanersay, chum?"

And as I complete this story I am wondering whether the little horror may be right at that.

*The Earl of Sefton**Lord Howard de Walden**The Duchess of Norfolk**The Earl of Dunraven*

Yearling sales at Newmarket

Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort watching a Never Say Die colt, sold to Mr. T. Wada from Japan for 10,000 guineas, the morning's top price





Mrs. Walter Nightingall (wife of the trainer) & Mr. Charles Sweeny



The Earl of Halifax, Jockey Club & National Hunt committee member

PHOTOGRAPHS: DESMOND O'NEILL

Miss Lindy Guinness watching the parade of yearlings before the auction

Lady Melissa Brooke, Sir George Brooke, Bt., the Marchioness of Waterford (Lady Melissa's younger sister) and Mr. Jocelyn Hambro

A Hugh Lupus colt which was bought by trainer Mr. Jeremy Tree



STEADILY catching up with science fiction, life in the 1960s has already produced the "look, no feet!" chair (see cover) and is forging ahead with such Wellsian touches as: a portable air-conditioner (at Harrods shortly), a bed that tilts to any desired angle for watching the TV on the footrest (Slumberland, £125), a stainless steel cooking-smell eliminator with no outside vent (Westinghouse, £56), automatic telephone answerer (Ansafone, Camberley, Surrey), and the self-lighting cigarette (not yet marketed, but the PR man is demonstrating it around the West End). Abroad, even more radical things are happening, like plastic houses or hyperbolic paraboloids (Mr. Buckminster Fuller's system of interlocking domes). But in this country the local planning authority gets restive if an architect proposes a house without a Tudor gable. It's rather like expecting a British car maker to stop screwing bits of polished wood all over his all-metal vehicle.

LIVING ONE JUMP AHEAD

But whereas the car is becoming almost entirely automatic (and in America already does everything but steer itself) the home remains so stubbornly traditional that at least one of the latest half-way-up-the-wall fireplaces has forgotten to make any provision for lighting the fire. Presumably you still chop wood and screw up newspaper. Anyway the path of progress is paved with disappointments, like the social climber who envied the radio-telephone in his neighbour's car, had one fitted in his own car, and phoned him up for a car-to-car chat—only to be told, "Hang on a moment, will you? I'm on the other line."

MATERIAL ASSEMBLED BY ILSE GRAY

at home . . .



SITTING-ROOM FRIDGE looks like a cocktail cabinet, could be. No more trudging to the kitchen for ice. (Tricity Diner-cold, 72 gns., Harrods)



HANDLELESS JUG keeps coffee hot longer, is double-thick china like a vacuum flask. £8 18s. a set. Imported by Scandia, from Liberty's



PRISCILLA CONTRAN

SKYLON-LIKE LIGHT from Italy slides up the wire for bulb-changing. Made of glass in eight colours from J. Wuidart, about £16





CHAIR TODAY, TABLE TOMORROW is one of many quick combinations with the Modulus range, designed by Robin Day and introduced by Hille earlier this year. Range consists of two- or three-seat black metal bases, chair unit, foam cushion, tabletop and storage unit. (These examples: about £39 for the sofa, £36 for the chair and table)

CONTEMPORARY-PLUS CUTLERY (left, by Arne Jacobsen) preserves sculptured shape throughout a twenty-piece range, all in stainless steel. Shown: salad servers (28s. 9d. each) and butter knife (17s. 9d.). (Imported from Denmark by Finmar, from Liberty's)

FIBREGLASS CHAISE-LONGUE needs no upholstery, wipes clean. Designed by Eric O'Leary, both chair and frame are black. There is an optional head cushion but unlike metal, fibreglass feels neither hard nor cold to sit on. (About £50 to order from Design + Fabrications, 105 Mansfield Road, London, N.W.3)



STAY-PUT SCREEN wedges itself on sprung steel poles between floor and ceiling, but is easily moved to new positions. The translucent screens are made of non-inflammable cellulose acetate panels in various colours, mounted in aluminium frames. (Rotaplan screen & two poles, £22 7s. from Rotaflex, 4 Conduit Street. Designers J. & S. Reid)

SANDRA LOUSADA





... and at the office

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

**LIVING
ONE JUMP
AHEAD**

continued

The advanced touch in offices conducted according to the best management theories has for some time been what is known as the "clean desk." The idea is that the efficient executive settles each problem as soon as it occurs and therefore has no need for piles of pending papers. He should keep his desktop empty and give the visiting customer the impression that there is nothing to disturb the intimacy of the chat they are about to have. Today the clean desk is old stuff. The really progressive executive has moved one jump ahead. He has got rid of the desk altogether. He furnishes his office like a sitting-room and stops trying to make the place look efficient at all. Comfort is the impression he's after. The theory this time is to get the customer relaxed and make him feel at home—though unkind critics might say that he'd have to live in an airport lounge to do that. But considering that the successful businessman spends nearly as much time in his office as he does at home

TOTALLY DESKLESS, advertising executive John Metcalf (left) operates from his black-and-white checked sofas and marble coffee table, with built-in intercom and Dictaphone unit alongside. As joint managing director of Hobson, Bates & Partners (and director of his own PR firm) he has to see a lot of people and says they relax and talk more freely in an informal atmosphere: "Even the staff find it easier to talk sitting on a sofa than looking at me across a desk—and after all I spend about the same amount of time in the office as I do in the bedroom, so why shouldn't the surroundings be pleasant and comfortable?" He has a pad for notes and uses it to help him dictate into the recorder, though he does sometimes dictate straight to his secretary ("Apart from anything, I like to see her occasionally"). At the working end of his office overlooking Charlotte Street there is a wood-panelled wall (natural finish), and the dark green carpet matches the wall at the opposite end (right), on which is an arrangement of pictures (modern). Another wall has a built-in storage unit, some favourite objets d'art (including two Victorian plaques with religious maxims) and the inevitable television set. His dog, Champ, likes this kind of office life too, and comes in twice a week



there does seem to be a sensible case for importing something more than rudimentary comfort into it. What about those papers, though, if he has not even got a desk to stuff them into? Theoretically he should dictate his answers promptly into the tape recorder. But in practice he can always get his secretary to keep the tricky letters out of sight outside

TABLE FOR DESIGNING is the only concession to conventional office furnishing made by designer John Tandy, who runs T.H.M. Partners with Lucy Halford (below) and Derek Mills. When clients call he returns to the sofa. As a firm dealing in designs for packaging and décor it might be expected to be cluttered with specimen tins and boxes, but there is nothing to be seen of these. They are concealed in a wall-bracket cupboard (right), illuminated when open by concealed ceiling lighting. Mr. Tandy says that the office, which they planned themselves, is based on the American pattern and was designed to interest, yet not obtrude. He thinks the idea is catching on fast: "Once people see what can be done it doesn't take much to convince them that they want it too." The walls and curtains are white, the carpet of natural cord and the sofa brown Scottish linen. The table and Florence Knoll easy chair are in black and stainless steel. Other chairs are wire frame ones by Charles Eames with bright orange cushions. Mr. Tandy's office is in Dover Street. He says a successful designer must give a client confidence (one who had confidence: Mr. Metcalf), and his office certainly does that





PRISCILLA CONRAN

HALF-AND-HALF OFFICE, one end for reception, the other for desk work, belongs to David Williams, managing director of D. J. Keymer & Co. Ltd. For visitors and the six o'clock directors' drink he uses the sitting-room end (above). Otherwise he sits at his desk (right). Says he found when he was in the States that most businessmen have a relaxing end to their offices as a matter of course. Mr. Williams, the youngest managing director in advertising, works in Bedford Row in a Victorian house completely modernized inside. His office, designed by Hille, has walls covered in strawcloth wallpaper, carpet and some chairs in kingfisher blue, others and the sofa in pale green. Mr. Williams still prefers to dictate to his secretary rather than into a recorder, but uses one to prepare speeches—"I make the speech into it, then play it back about 23 times or so. In this way I find my speeches sound spontaneous."

**LIVING
ONE JUMP
AHEAD**

concluded



LORD KILBRACKEN

Pause for fortification

I was 40 last week. As this is also my fortieth article in the Tatler this year, forty seems to be an appropriate subject for analysis and dissertation this week, which is the forty-third of 1960.

Forty, says my dictionary, is from the OE *féowertig*, and means four times ten. It is written 40 or XL, which is pronounced the same as *excel*, a point in its favour. Forty winks means a short nap, esp. after dinner, and the Roaring Forties are a stormy area in the Indian Ocean between the latitudes of 40 and 50 S. (The dictionary, a good one, says they are in the Atlantic between the latitudes of 40 and 50 N, where I spent a good part of the first half of the Dismal Forties, which are the years between '40 and '50; but the dictionary is wrong.) The Hungry Forties, which were followed by the Fainting Fifties (v. Shane Leslie's *The Irish Tangle*, p. 110 *et seq.*), were the years surrounding the potato famine; and a four-penny nail is of a size, very large, which originally cost forty pence a hundred.

Forty is also pronounced the same as *forte*, which means "strong, powerful, brave, manly" (opposite to *ignavum*). In fact I'm already beginning to feel better about the whole thing. Forte, in English, is a person's strong point: the subject he Nfs in. It is also a sword-blade from hilt to middle (*cf.* foible) and a mus. direction (abbr. *f.*) meaning, as you may know, "loud." Forte forte (abbr. *ff.*) means "very loud" and is quite different from eighty or fifty-fifty. Forte is also a very successful restaurateur and milkbar king.

Forty occurs frequently in literature, especially the Bible (*vide infra*), but was rather neglected by Shakespeare, though Puck girdled the earth in 40 minutes. G.B.S. wrote: "Every man over 40 is a scoundrel"—in which case the best years of my life are just beginning. Edward Young (1683-1765) wrote: "A fool at 40 is a fool indeed." Too late now, if I haven't achieved it already, which I very much doubt, to follow his injunction to "be wise with speed." He also

wrote:

*At 30, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at 40, and reforms his plan.*

I know just what he means, but cannot even begin to think about reforming my plan or anything else. I haven't even got a plan.

Thackeray wrote, in the Age of Wisdom, to "the pretty page":

*All your wish is woman to win,
This is the way that boys begin.
Wait till you come to Forty Year.*

I would inform Mr. Thackeray that this is also the way boys go on, and that Forty Year, in this department, is much the same as Twenty Year, but often more fun and as often more successful, when *jeunesse* still *peut* and *vieillesse* already *sait*.

Benjamin Franklin, who wrote that time is money, and that God helps them that help themselves, and that he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing, also wrote: "At 20 years of age, the will reigns; at 30, the wit; and at 40, the judgment." After a decade of living on my wits, I should now be entering the Age of Reason; but the will and wit, I somehow find, are still forces to be reckoned with.

It was Thurber, James, who perpetrated the parody, or travesty, of Housman which begins:

*Loneliest of these, the wedded now
Are hung with gloom about the vow.*

and which ends like this, if I can quote it from memory:

*Now of my twoscore years and ten,
Forty will not come again;
And take from 50 years that many,
It only leaves me ten, if any.
And since to look at girls in bloom
Ten short springs are little room,
From out the wedland I will go
And try to find some mistletoe.*

I, in truth, left the wedland long ago—at one score years and ten, in fact—but the trees of my life have been so garlanded with mistletoe that I can now nearly manage without it.

Forty days of either rain or shine are supposed

to follow St. Swithin's Day, as they did indeed this year. (In fact, there were 53 days of rain out of 56 where I was.) Christ was 40 days and 40 nights in the wilderness, whence arise the 40 days of Lent. According to Everyman's, 40 loaves of bread and 40 dishes of butter "commonly occur in records of rent paid to the Bishop of Llandaff." A bard's fee for his song, says the same source, was 40d. if a disciple, twice 40d. if a master ("I got it for a song" must mean 6s. 8d., which is also a solicitor's standard fee, if you're lucky.) Quarantine comes from the Latin *quadraginta*, meaning XL, via the French *quarantaine*, meaning a period of 40 days, which was formerly the official quarantine isolation.

Forty has been regarded from time immemorial, says Everyman's again, with superstitious veneration by Jews and Moslems. Moslems mourn 40 days for their dead, and "gangs of robbers in eastern tales usually number 40" (*cf.* Ali Baba). Isaac was 40 when he married Rebekah, and Esau was 40 when he married Judith. David reigned 40 years over Israel, and so did Solomon; so also did Jehoshaphat and Joash. The children of Israel walked 40 years in the wilderness, and 40 years long was I grieved with this generation. David slew 40,000 horsemen in a day at Helam, and Ish-bosheth was 40 when he began to reign over Israel. But then, the word "forty" appears 81 times in the Bible—or should I say four-score-and-one?—according to Cruden's Concordance, compared with 29 in Shakespeare according to Mrs. Cowden Clarke's.

This brings me to the threescore-year-and-ten bit (Ps. 90.10) which is at least more encouraging than Thurber's outrageous pessimism. (Thurber, anyway, has long since passed the modest span he allowed himself.) For those who are "so strong that they come to fourscore years," forty is *Halfway*, and I would thus be precisely *nel mezzo del cammin*. (But Dante died at 56.) Only halfway, after all these years? Fortified, I cry *fortissimo*: "On to fifty!"

LEATHER

SLIPS THE LEASH

It's broken clean away from buckles, briefcases, luggage, and upholstery, and this year it's moved right in among the front-rank fashion materials. Always supple, always smart, it's there to stay

SPANISH-MADE (opposite), a trench coat style in soft white leather with a ranch mink collar and casual tie belt. It is water-proof and can be sponged clean. By Berg of Mayfair at Liberty, W.1; Herbert Samuels, Leeds; Gertrude Read, Torquay, price: 64 gns. Tobacco-brown calf hat by Chez Elle at Harvey Nichols Little Shop; D'Arcy & Rosamunde, Bedford, price: £7 19s. 6d. White calf cossack boots by Lotus cost £4 15s. 11d. Light-weight cases of tan leather by Victor can be bought at Selfridges, prices: 21 in., £11 5s.; 24 in., £12 12s.; 27 in., £14 5s.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID OLINS

NOSTALGIA for the twenties in a wrap-around coat of Spanish leather with a removable white fox choker. The front is buttonless, the back cut with a deep double-seamed yoke. Softness of the leather allows fashionable push-up sleeves and rounded closely-fitting shoulders. By Paul Blanche at Derry & Toms, W.8; Kendal Milne, Manchester; Browns, Chester, price: 79 gns. Black calf cloche by Chez Elle at Harvey Nichols Little Shop, S.W.1; the Jersey Shop, Alnwick, price: 6 gns.





LEATHER SLIPS THE LEASH *continued*

Classic country event sheepskin jacket in light green is a welcome break-away from the familiar tan and a glorious colour to wear on a bleak winter day. The fleece of this hip-length jacket is particularly long and soft. From Lillywhites, W.1. Price: 28 gns. Gor-Ray skirt of toning green and cream houndstooth tweed is at Barker's, Kensington. Price: £2 12s. 6d. Holly red angora wool pull-on hat is by Kangol



ANTELOPE with the soft pliable handle of a pure silk makes this suit imported from Spain by Bettina. A loose Cossack blouse with buttoned cuffs is worn with an optional tie belt over a matching straight skirt. The colour—pale cognac. At Kiki Byrne, 145 King's Road, S.W.3. Price: £26 10s. 6d. each. Olive green calf length Cossack boots are from Lotus and cost £4 14s. 11d. Golden brown pure silk scarf folded at the neck is by Ascher



RICH claret strikes a warm note in a leafless countryside. This full-length suède greatcoat is made by Leather Craft of Dover Street, W.1, who have a long-standing reputation for their leather coats, suits and accessories. There is a leather beret not shown here and gloves made to match the coat. Prices: coat 55 gns., beret 6½ gns., gloves £2 10s. The scarf is by Hermes

LEATHER SLIPS THE LEASH *continued*



ALL-WEATHER coat from The Sheepskin Shop, Oxford Street, W.1, is made of magnificent sheepskin with a warm fleecy lining that envelops the body. A roll collar of wild mink adds an extra touch of luxury. The coat can be worn with or without its tie belt. Price 72 gns. Sheepskin-lined suède booties from Morlands of Glastonbury are at Selfridges. 59s. 11d.



WIND-PROOF tunic suit of leaf green calf that will keep you dry in a downpour too. It is teamed here with Koupy's suède jacket, price: £29 at Simpson's, Piccadilly. The sleeveless tunic with its loosely tied hip belt and straight skirt are by Paul Blanche and can be bought at Ivor Hartnell, New Bond Street; Diana Warren, Blackpool. Price: about 27 gns. Leathers dyed in white or pastel shades no longer present a cleaning problem. Leather Restorers of Brompton Arcade are experts who will take on the most problem coat

LEATHER SLIPS THE LEASH *concluded*



POSTAL SERVICE to all parts of the U.K. is operated by Cadogan (St. Alban's Mews, W.2) who stock Ascher fabrics. Pattern book is posted with an order form. On receipt of the book plus cheque, fabric is dispatched by return. Scarves are covered by a coloured brochure. The chenilles shown are (from left) Pyranaica in wistaria (37 in., 52s. 6d.); Romaria in violet (48 in., 79s.); Chemoha in black, tan, grey & white chenille and mohair mixture (54 in., £5); De Ronda Acrilan chenille & wool (42 in., 79s.)



TOY SERVICE at the Otway Toy Studio (41 Knightsbridge) includes toys for a doll's house—Mr. & Mrs. Piggy (4s. 6d. each) with a miniature meal of grapefruit (2s. 6d.), fruit (3s. 9d.), bread (2s. 6d.), plus egg-cup, plate and spoon (2s. 6d.). All hand painted and carved by craftsmen who can also copy a much-loved animal or story-book character for a child (or adult). In fact, all kinds of sophisticated, lovable toys can be found here by some of the best toymakers in England



ANTIQUES SERVICE is a speciality at Ning (8 Symons Street, S.W.3) where the French crinoline chair (left) awaits a connoisseur's eye. In the style of Louis XV, it costs 58 gns. This new shop houses an antique collection of English and French furniture, porcelain, plus modern onyx tables on gilt bases. Admirers of the Adam style will covet their fireplaces made to order

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM BY DON JARVIS

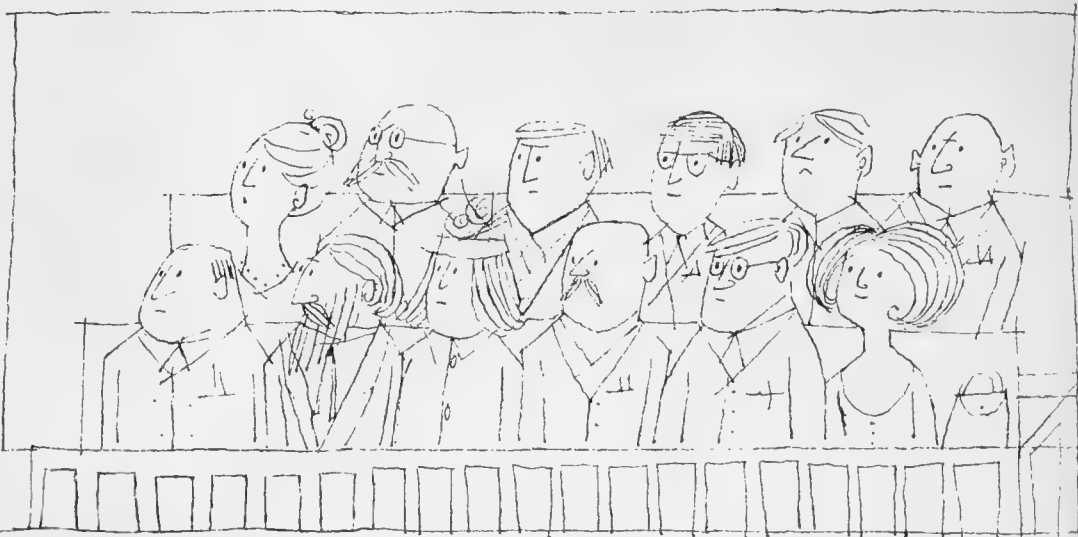
summing up services

Intelligence Report

TAPESTRY SERVICE is supplied by the Women's Home Industries Tapestry Shop (83a Pimlico Road, S.W.1) where hand-painted canvases are available for all kinds of tapestry work including rug squares, cushions, chair covers. Rugs can include up to 77 squares which can be sewn together and finished by the W.H.I., like this as yet unfinished child's rug. Commissioned designs take about three weeks—there is a period expert here. A speciality at the shop are the rugs which map the course of life with a square for each memorable occasion



CHRISTMAS CARD SERVICE is offered by Ann Giffard (contact her through Betty Hope, 19 Beauchamp Pl., S.W.3, KEN 8434) who sketches houses for black and white reproduction on cards. She will work from a photograph or travel outside London (fares paid) to sketch her lively, personal cards which could include family pets. 100 cards cost 10 gns., 200—12 gns., this includes envelopes, greetings and address inside. Would-be customers should approach Miss Giffard as soon as possible. NYLON SERVICE is given by a new club—Nylons Unlimited, 26 Gay Street, Bath—who enroll members for £1 and provide an initial three 15 denier seamed stockings. Thereafter, at a rate of 2s. 6d. weekly or £1 for nine weeks, any amount of damaged stockings are replaceable free of charge. You are provided with a card which should be sent in with all applications.



VERDICTS

- The play* **Platonov.** Royal Court. (Rex Harrison, Rachel Roberts, Elvi Hale.)
- The films* **Shadows.** Director John Cassavetes. (Lelia Goldoni, Ben Carruthers, Hugh Hurd, Anthony Ray.)
Pay Or Die! Director Richard Wilson. (Ernest Borgnine, Zohra Lampert, Alan Austin.)
I Passed For White. Director Fred M. Wilcox. (Sonya Wilde, James Franciscus, Pat Michon, Freita Shaw.)
The Giant Of Marathon. Director Jacques Tourneur. (Steve Reeves, Mylene Demongeot, Daniela Rocca.)
- The books* **The Asparagus Trench,** by John Lodwick. (Heinemann, 12s.)
The Natural Bent, by Lionel Fielden. (Deutsch, 25s.)

Where The Boys Are, by Glendon Swarthout. (Heinemann, 16s.)

The Bachelors, by Muriel Spark. (Macmillan, 16s.)
Family Favourites, by Alfred Duggan. (Faber, 16s.)
A Family Album, by the Duke of Windsor. (Cassell, 21s.)
Curzon, by Leonard Mosley. (Longmans, 30s.)
Lloyd George, by Richard Lloyd George. (Muller, 21s.)
Letters From A Soldier, by Walter Robson. (Faber, 16s.)

The records **Dinah Washington**
Sonny Stitt With Oscar Peterson
Mack The Knife, by Ella Fitzgerald

The galleries **Peter Kinley prepares for New York**

THEATRE



Anthony Cookman

Playing Chekhov for laughs

EARNEST STUDENTS OF DRAMA ALL agog to see Chekhov's first long play, **Platonov**, done at the Royal Court Theatre, really should have been warned that they would be considerably disconcerted. They will have found out by this time that they must make do with an evening of amusing period burlesque. Mr. Rex Harrison with a straight face and an eye gleaming with fantastic depravity leads a

company who are possibly inspired by the hope that deadpan playing may promote the sort of cult for "Young Russia" that was achieved before the war by that well-meant Boy Scout drama called *Young England*. The hope, I fancy, is a bit far fetched. The sport of guying the Victorians has been much overdone.

How does it come about that the great Chekhov should find himself in his centenary year exposed to ridicule in a country which holds his major plays in deep affection? It seems that during his student days in Moscow he perpetrated a wordy piece in the manner of a French melodrama. He was so sharply disappointed when Mme. Fermolev of the Moscow Little Theatre rejected this effusion that he tore up the manuscript. A rough copy survived, and he later tried hard to shape it into another sort of play about a Russian Don Juan.

In the event it remained in his drawer till he died and was only published in 1923 when his papers passed to the Moscow Central Archives. The English version made for the Court Theatre by Mr. Dmitri Makeroff differs considerably from an English version made by Mr. Basil Ashmore in 1932, and we cannot help suspecting that

Mr. George Devine and Mr. John Bletcherley, the producers, and Mr. Harrison have seized with some glee on the more melodramatic turns of plot preferred by the new translator.

However that may be, the enter-

tainment now consists of a long fine act in which drunkards, spongers and male and female philanders drawn from the governing classes of Russia let their foibles run riot in a series of little conversations. There are traces here and there of



DELICATE SITUATION: *The boudoir-fancier Platonov* (Rex Harrison) makes a courteous advance to the bottled-up and strait-laced Maria (Rosalind Knight) under the eyes of Anna (Rachel Roberts) the general's mettlesome daughter, who wishes to keep him as her monopoly. From *Platonov*, at the Royal Court

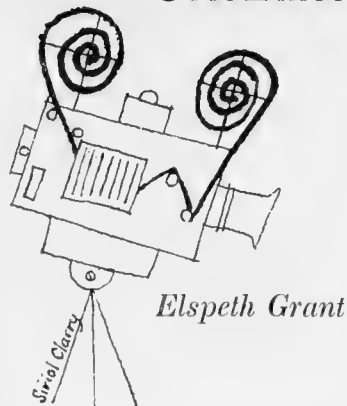
the later Chekhovian sympathetic sense of human frailty, but the general impression is that a young writer who has read a great deal about the wicked goings-on of the ruling classes has not yet gained experience of the world he is attempting to describe. What the act establishes is that a seedy schoolmaster who has failed to live up to his university reputation and is filled with self-disgust, has a great attraction for women. The more he insults them, the more passionately they fling themselves at his head. Mr. Rex Harrison and the women—Miss Rachel Roberts, Miss Elvi Hale, Miss Rosalind Knight and Miss Mary Watson—play this act as fairly straight comedy.

Then comes a startling change. Outside his house beside a railway line in the midst of a forest the drunken Platonov is inspired by his good sweet wife to go to bed, imperiously urged by a reputedly rich widow to come with her into the forest, summoned by a telegram-like letter to elope with another of his women friends and sued by another spinster whom he has rashly kissed.

Torn all ways at once he finally bounds away to keep the rendezvous appointed for the elopement. Whereupon his wife rushes out of her house, swears eternal love for her husband and puts herself across the railway lines in front of an oncoming express. She is saved in the nick of time by a serio-comic band who is in thrall to the charm of the reputedly rich widow. Knifings and poisonings, would-be suicides and shootings follow in rapid succession, and through them all Mr. Harrison and the women play whose maddening importunities Platonov cannot resist contrive to preserve a fine assumption of seriousness, and the audience rocks with happy laughter.

But towards the end, as the shootings multiply and the humour becomes less "Funny, ha, ha!" and more "Funny, peculiar," laughter tends to dry up. So many of the lines remaining from the original melodrama are clearly not intended to be laughed at. An odd affair!

CINEMA



The theory pays off in pungency

BY FAR THE MOST INTERESTING OF the current films is Mr. John Cassavetes's essay at complete realism, *Shadows*—which won the Critics' Prize at the Venice Film Festival. It was the intention of this young actor-turned-director to present an honest picture of contemporary life—and to do this he boldly experimented with a new technique.

For a start, he dispensed with a script. Gathering about him a group of enthusiastic players, he cast them as a Manhattan Negro family and the people, white and coloured, with whom they come in contact—and let them improvise their own dialogue. I have no fault to find with the result: the film is warm and human as a whole, sympathetic towards weakness, unafraid of violence, frank in its attitude to sex, and tenderly poetic in its handling of the emotions of the young.

I do rather quarrel, though, with the somewhat pompous contention that Mr. Cassavetes's method enables the players to be the characters they portray—and it seems to me nonsense that to ensure total self-identification with the roles they play, the actors must be called by their own first names in the film.

It is the business of actors to act:

if they are going to be asked to be the characters allotted them, I foresee a sudden alarming spread of schizophrenia in the profession—and if an actor cannot illude as a character unless its name is the same as his, we're in for some rum alterations in, let's say, the lists of Shakespeare's dramatis personae. Probably Mr. Cassavetes should not be taken very seriously as a theorist on acting—though as a director he indubitably deserves to be.

The principal characters in *Shadows* are two brothers, Hugh and Ben (Messrs. Hugh Hurd and Ben Carruthers), who share a flat with their beautiful sister, Lelia (Miss Lelia Goldoni). Hugh is unmistakably a coloured man, while Ben and Lelia are light-skinned enough to pass for white—but the film is not about the colour problem: it is simply about people, their hopes, fears and frustrations.

Hugh, a second-rate singer, is persuaded by his manager (Mr.

Rupert Crosse) to accept an engagement in a fifth-rate cabaret. Though he is humiliated and angry, his affection for Rupert, his closest friend, remains untarnished. Lelia, an innocent 20-year-old in quest of her own identity, allows a young white man, a budding Don Juan (Mr. Anthony Ray) to seduce her—and is shocked and horrified by the experience. He, in turn, is shocked to learn that Lelia is a coloured girl: though he does his best to hide his feelings and make amends, Hugh forbids him ever to see Lelia again. She may find security with the young negro (Mr. David Pokitellow) who patiently courts her.

Ben, though aspiring to become a jazz trumpeter, spends most of his time prowling from bar to bar with a couple of white cronies—drinking on borrowed money, picking up girls and courting trouble. After the three have been viciously beaten up by a weightier trio of similar bar-flies, Ben is inclined to give up



INHABITANTS of the Manhattan half-world of *Shadows*. Left: Lelia (Lelia Goldoni), the pale-skinned Negro heroine. Above, left: Hugh (Hugh Hurd) her elder brother, mainstay of the family. Above: Lelia and her younger brother Ben (Ben Carruthers) ponder their agonizing problems

NEW CREATION IN POWDERS

MAGIE POWDER • MAGIE MAQUIVIT

Each a special new formula for dry skins

New composition • New texture • New presentation

IN A VAST RANGE OF HEAVENLY NEW COLOURS

LANCÔME

this aimless way of life: the question is, will he be able to adapt himself to any other?

If you demand a neatly rounded story, this film is not for you: but if you are prepared to settle for a pungent, full-flavoured slice of life—as I am—then on no account miss it.

Though marred by a certain cosy sentimentality, *Pay Or Die!* is by no means a bad film. In it, Mr. Ernest Borgnine plays an intensely worthy cop who tangles with the extortionists of whom the citizens of New York's "Little Italy," in the year 1908, go in constant terror. An Italian by birth but a loyal American by adoption, he is allowed to form the city's first Italian police squad, the better to cope with the ugly situation.

It becomes obvious that the flourishing protection racket is skilfully organized—but by whom? The petty criminals trapped by Mr. Borgnine and his men refuse to talk. Could it be that members of Sicily's dreaded Mafia have invaded the U.S.A. as immigrants? Mr. Borgnine hates to think so—but when an attempt is made on the life of the great Enrico Caruso (delightfully played by Mr. Howard Caine), he reluctantly concludes this must be the case. (I don't know why: perhaps the Mafia notoriously didn't care for tenors?)

A visit to Italy to examine the police records confirms Mr. Borgnine's theory. It also puts a violent end to his career—but thanks to information he has prudently passed on to New York, his gallantry is posthumously rewarded and the head Mafia monsters brought to book. Signorina Adelina Saulino gives a touchingly simple, totally un-actressy performance as the baker's daughter whom Mr. Borgnine (a trifle too tremulously) marries.

On the scores of bad taste and bad writing, *I Passed For White* would be hard to beat. A white-skinned Negress (Miss Sonya Wilde) takes a job as a white girl in New York, where she meets and falls in love with a white man (Mr. James Franciscus) whom she regales with stories of her classy white family in Richmond, Virginia. They marry—and in due course there's a baby on the way.

Coming-to after its unwelcome arrival (stillborn) she asks, in panic, if it is black. Her husband promptly accuses her of having an affair with a coloured man—so she packs up and returns to her Los Angeles home, leaving no address and never telling her husband the truth. It's trash from start to finish.

In *The Giant Of Marathon*, the redoubtable Mr. Steve Reeves helps the Ancient Greeks defeat the equally Ancient Persians. Grandiose spectacle, dire dubbed dialogue.

character of much charm and talent, and a sort of scratchy, restless, almost petulant habit of abandoning occupations of which he suddenly became tired.

Away, one after the other, went the Army, the League of Nations, the B.B.C., All India Radio, and now Mr. Fielden lives delectably in Italy, away from crowds which he hates and jobs he no longer has to endure.

This is from time to time an enormously irritating book which is nevertheless winning, persuasive, and restlessly alive. Mr. Fielden's own quicksilver nature glitters darkly and often quite crossly through every paragraph. I enjoyed it immensely.

I had thought I was by now completely immunized against the young American female person with a golden heart and a deep questing urge to find out the truth about sex; but Glendon Swarthout's cheerful novel *Where the Boys Are* (where they mostly are is in Florida) is such a beguiling social study, artfully dressed up as a novel, that it is hard to hold out against his unsinkable heroine. To

not including *The Bachelors*, a peculiar but to me not palatable brew weirdly involving epilepsy, spiritualism, and of course the poor bachelors themselves. . . . Alfred Duggan's *Family Favourites* is a cheery, resolutely bland account—told by a veteran of the Praetorian Guard (a no-comment man to end them all)—of the goings-on conducted by Elagabalus, a sprightly Syrian who became Emperor of Rome at 14, was an ace charioteer, and fancied driving around in little carriages drawn by teams of prancing girls.

A *Family Album* by the Duke of Windsor is an amiable string of loosely connected royal fashion-notes. Lovely, restful reading for all who want to know about how the Duke had his various tie-pin tops turned into natty trimmings for the Duchess's powder compact and comb-case. . . . No historian, I cannot tell whether Leonard Mosley's *Curzon* is a fair picture or not, but it is certainly grimly fascinating. A sad tale's best for winter, and Curzon's frightful childhood and dark, suffering personality exactly suit our wetter October

BOOKS



Siriol Hugh-Jones

Grandparents galore

THERE IS NO BOOK BETTER FOR A cold winter evening than John Lodwick's *The Asparagus Trench*, a brilliant, adorable "autobiographical beginning" to a longer work the author tragically did not live to complete. This brief, gay and touching book is both gentle and sharp-edged and takes its author through his childhood and early days at school (a strange and wholly separate world, full of weird projects and maquis activity, wonderfully conveyed). The dominant figure in it is Grandpapa Lodwick—furious, vividly outspoken, wear-

ing hot water bottles under his waistcoat and addressing his grandson, in trouble at school, in heroic terms: "You are running to seed, sir, and will leave the place with claims against you on all sides; but I'll see the confounded tradesmen hanged before I pay them. The next thing we'll know is that you'll arrive here with a wife and a gang of squalling brats." From Italy Grandfather would inscribe howitzer postcards "BIG BUILDINGS, LITTLE MEN, WHAT WOULD G'BALDI HAVE SAID???" He is a triumphant character, and the book is witty and beautiful and must certainly be read.

What with the magnificent aged Lodwick, Diana Holman-Hunt's formidable Pre-Raphaelite grandmother, and Lionel Fielden's grandmother in *The Natural Bent*, grandparents have been having a field-day lately. Mr. Fielden's grandmamma had 14 children and used to get understandably muddled about them. ("Was that Beatrice? It was Katie? Of course; how stupid of me!") She brought her grandson up to value "gentleness, repose, tolerance, self-effacement and solitude." His stepmother insisted that "ambition, ruthlessness, gregariousness and success were the essentials: my father did not worry himself about ethics or behaviour, so long as I 'went well to hounds'." The inevitable confusion produced a



MARK GERSON

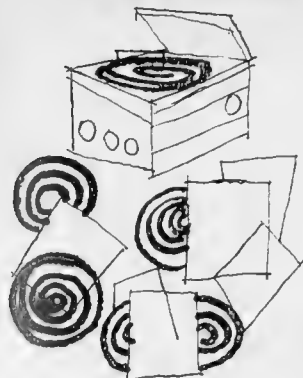
AUTHOR Paul Scott, whose book *The Chinese Love Pavilion*, was published last month (Eyre & Spottiswoode, 18s.) with his wife and daughters Carol and Sally. Mrs. Scott is novelist Elizabeth Avery. Her latest book *Marigold Summer* was published by Michael Joseph earlier this year

me the whole point of the book is its breezy, hypnotic recording of the spooky extravagances of American teenage vocabulary, and the most joyous character is a far-out highbrow jazz musician, striving to get through a fortune, whose speciality is dialectic jazz and who composes numbers exquisitely called *Keep Britain Tidy* and *An Encounter Between Coleridge and Carlisle on Hampstead Heath*. He is also known as The Gloomy Greek and is inclined to come out with such stopping remarks as, "We are drums of skin and the world beats on us." It would be a pity to miss making his wild acquaintance and overhearing his off-beat philosophy.

Briefly . . . I am a devoted fan of Miss Muriel Spark as far as but

days. . . . Richard Lloyd George's lugubrious account of his father's amorous adventures in *Lloyd George* may be valuable for the record, but struck me as deeply dispiriting and shoddily written. One begins to wish, in one's soppy way, that sons with long memories and still-bleeding wounds could, at least in print, bear to forget if not quite to forgive.

. . . And *Letters From a Soldier* by the late Walter Robson is a superb and quietly heroic (at a time when such a thing is well out of fashion) collection of letters to his wife written by the author through his years as stretcher-bearer in North Africa in 1943. This is a fresh, immediate book, touching, humble, perceptive and, above all, brave.



Gerald Lascelles

Aftermath of a summer's day

I CANNOT REFRAIN FROM JOINING issue with Miss Elspeth Grant over certain points in her excellent review of Bert Stern's movie, *Jazz on a summer's day*. The saga of Newport's jazz has been written too many times, but I believe this is the first time it has been put on film. Forgetting the pure jazz content of the film, one's attention

confines of jazz. Some of the "acts" were sadly sub-standard, notably Anita O'Day and Eli's Chosen Six, both of whom can be written off as commercial acts. Dinah Washington sounded much better in the film than she does on her latest album (MMC14048), where she makes the mistake of trying to copy Billie Holiday's inflections.

Sonny Stitt, on the other hand, more than improves on his filmed performance—which, incidentally, was taken of the 1958 Festival at Newport—in his very powerful album with Oscar Peterson (CLP1384). Rhythm abounds in this fast-moving jazz, which is also a terrific outing for a first-class section. The shrill alto makes vast headway against a placid piano accompaniment in *The gypsy*, one of those trite popular tunes of the postwar era. Sonny's tenor impressed me tremendously in the forbidding context of the Miles Davis group, which recently toured the country. He was the only man in the group who conveyed any genuine coherence to me. At the same time he assiduously avoided the latent trait of practising on his



TRUMPETER Louis Armstrong, now on his second African tour, stopped off in London on his way to Ghana. With him came his wife Lucie—they have just celebrated their 20th wedding anniversary. Satchel's tour is partly sponsored by the American State Department

must be riveted on the skilfully cut shots of the audience which alone can convey the "I was there" feeling. Miss Grant refers to glazed eyes, she hints darkly of drug addiction and invokes the gamut of public enmity to the jazz faction. I believe she is wrong, and I would be happy to take her to Lord's one day, armed with the appropriate size of movie camera, to capture the glazed look on the faces of the pundits there.

What amazed me was that Miss Grant omitted reference to one of the highspots, Mahalia Jackson's outstanding gospel singing. No doubt Giuffrè and Monk left her cold, nor would Chico Hamilton's drumming be calculated to warm her heart, but the overwhelming artistry of Mahalia strikes me as being something beyond the normal

audience, a characteristic of Davis's.

All my discontent about the spurious jazz which the Davis quintet played to us is dispelled by Ella Fitzgerald's *Mack the Knife* (CLP1391), a live recording of a Berlin concert. Her flights of fancy exceed the bounds of vocal performance, even in *ad lib* jazz.

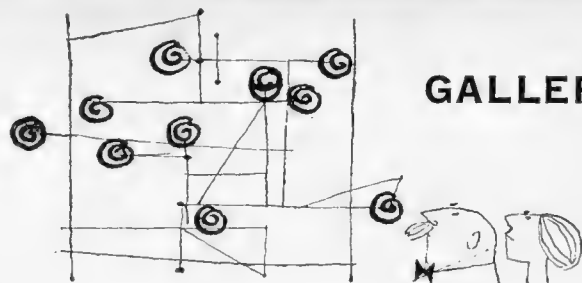
Any 280-page book which starts off with an ancient reproduction of a New Orleans brothel advertisement is a likely outlet for jazz. I have in mind *A Pictorial History of Jazz*, now re-issued in a cheaper but excellently reproduced edition by Spring Books at 15s. It is a worthwhile addition to any jazz library, conveying the spirit and the fact of jazz in its impossible upbringing, as well as its personalities who are household words today.



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GALLERIES

Alan
Roberts

In search of Peter Kinley

PETER KINLEY, WHO IS ABOUT TO have his first New York exhibition, was described in the catalogue of an I.C.A. exhibition as "De Staël's most serious and gifted follower."

I found him four floors above the dust and noise of Notting Hill.

In the living-room dozens of paintings, large and small, hung or lay on every vertical and horizontal surface. The impact of their vibrant reds and pinks and blues and yellows was unexpected and startling. These were the pictures that were going to New York. I had had the good fortune to arrive immediately after an emissary from the Paul Rosenberg Gallery.

The low-ceilinged studio room was dominated by four or five large figure compositions—none of them, seen objectively, anything more than angular, sexless shapes of thick pink paint laid on with a knife, yet all of them with a secret life inherent in and inseparable from

the paint itself and its interaction with the surrounding colours and textures. There is no trick and nothing accidental about this sort of painting. Each picture is a new struggle—and shows it.

"All my paintings are overworked and they look much better in the early stages," he told me. And like a man appealing for assurance that the world is not flat, "But painting isn't aesthetics, is it?"

He pointed to his latest canvas, a reclining nude, and said, "I've fought that shape until it's something of what I wanted. It's difficult to put into words." Though normally a reticent man he launched into a nervous and excited two-hour dissertation from which, slowly, some sort of formulation of the ideas behind his work emerged.

Of De Staël (whose influence upon him he readily acknowledges) —"I don't hero-worship him any more but I still believe his attitude

to painting, constructive not destructive, was right. He made a challenge to abstract painting on painters' terms."

Of Matisse—"The most complete artist of this century, the most significant of his generation. Did you notice how Picasso used his ideas wholesale in the *Las Meninas* series at the Tate?"

Of contemporary American painting—"It is like Impressionism. Once it has been done it is finished."

Of Action painting—"It's a blind end. You can't slash the stuff on and hope that something will come out. One must express one's self through forms."

Of Nature—"Anything you get out of nature is better than anything you can invent. Even if the form's origin is ultimately unrecognizable it will still be better than an abstraction out of the head."

Of Abstract painting—"It seems to me to be deliberately limiting the very thing by which painting lives. It's interesting, it may even be art, but it's not painting. Painting is an impure, fascinating thing which abstraction, by its purifying process, would eventually refine away altogether."

About Painters as against Artists—"Real painters are reactionary in that they are not interested in 'experimental' art. They leave that to the artists, the theorists. I may admire Mondrian as an artist but

although his achievement had a tremendous effect in certain fields he was not a painter. Painters communicate through paint and recognize each other instinctively. I know, for example, that neither Bratby nor Carel Weight, both of whom I admire, are painters."

Some indefinable inner compulsion forces Kinley to take the hard way. Two years ago he was painting sought-after landscapes in what has been called the abstract-impressionist style. Now landscapes don't interest him much because, he says, "one takes liberties with them. I need the discipline forced on me by the human figure."

I was conscious, while listening to him, of the difficulty of reconciling much of what he said with the paintings around us. He was using me, I realized, as he uses a canvas—something into which he puts all he can in the belief that, if he is successful, it will "give something back."

I do not know whether he felt that I gave something back but I recognized in him a painter whose fundamental ideas were those I have recently written about here. A painter who, having pushed his art to the verge of pure abstraction, realizes before it is too late that to lose contact with reality ("all the painters I have really admired have struggled with reality"), to throw away form, is to lose a vital quality of painting for which there is no substitute.

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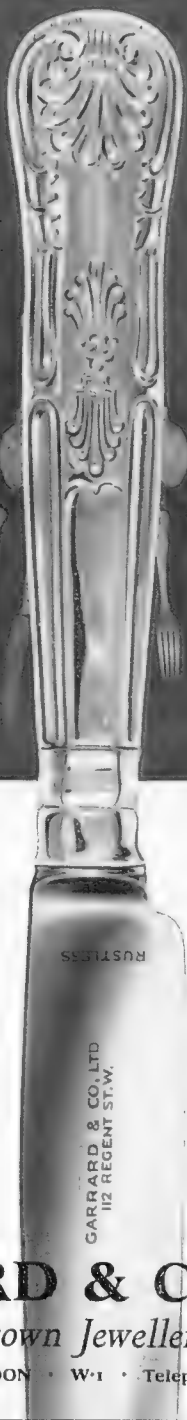




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THE SHINGLE SLIPPING

GOOD LOOKS

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

The shingle caught on—snap—and a snip of the scissors cropped most of the prettiest heads in London. But . . . but it isn't the prettiest way to wear hair that isn't set on a shapely head, or with a face that isn't young and reasonably pretty. And the way to take to it isn't in one neat dose, but centimetre by centimetre, week by week until the right length for you is determined. So the shingle was bound to slip before long, and in fact, it started to lose its grip when it became stereotyped. For how can you retain individuality when one design has settled on thousands of regimented heads—the cloche look with sides sweeping into flips of hair under cheekbones?

If shingle you must, then take it softly with a new twist, a fresh feeling. Like this (left) handled by Rose Evansky into a sleek, layered cap of hair. And, to partner it, a vamp feeling in make-up. Sample it with Revlon's Flama Grande—a rich brocadey red or Elizabeth Arden's flirtatious Geranium with its bright, light hue. Cutex have thought up a new case in ridged gilt with some new colours (especially good: Tawny Port, Apricot).

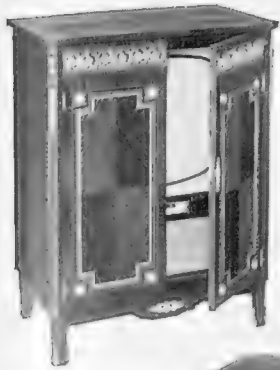
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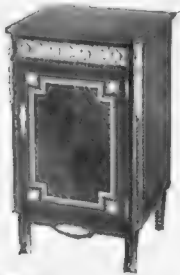
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Ordeal for Anglias

Gordon Wilkins

TO FORD DIRECTORS IT DOUBTLESS seemed a good idea to stage a demonstration of high speed reliability to mark the first anniversary of the new Anglia which in one year has become Britain's best-selling car. Ten thousand miles in 7 days at an average of more than 60 m.p.h. was well within the car's capabilities on any ordinary track. But they had to settle for Goodwood, a tortuous tyre-destroying track only 2.4 miles round with five severe corners per lap. When we got down to serious testing it was obvious that for small family saloons of only 996 c.c. to average over 60 m.p.h. on this track, stops included, it would mean a production car race a week long.

The team of nine drivers included Grand Prix stars Roy Salvadori, Graham Hill, Bruce McLaren and journalists Tommy Wisdom and myself, Ford rally drivers Cuthbert and Edward Harrison and John Mitchell and Shell competition manager Keith Ballisat. The cars stopped for fuel, oil and tyres, but

received no normal maintenance. Drivers changed every three hours. Though Salvadori knows Goodwood better than anyone, he mistook Lavant corner in bad weather during the second night and the car finished on its roof in the ditch. The steering was repaired and Salvadori was off again in 45 minutes, driving faster than ever to make up time. Later, this car was stopped for an hour while the worst bumps were beaten out. This brought our average slightly below 100 k.m.h. for the week, though still well above 60 m.p.h. As drivers, we felt Ford should have left the damage for all to see; taking credit for the fact that not a pane of glass was cracked, the doors opened and shut normally, there were no rattles and no leaks in a week of rain.

Electronic rev counters helped us check performance. Even a difference of 100 r.p.m., caused by a variation of a few inches in the line on a corner like Madgwick could make a second or two difference in lap time.



Gordon Wilkins (far right) with Roy Salvadori & J. Mitchell at Goodwood

To begin with we ran entirely in top gear but after 5,000 miles on full throttle, two cars were slowed by exhaust valve trouble. This was cured and thereafter we made one gear change per lap with no further trouble. In dry weather stringing all our good corners together in one lap we got round in 2 m. 9 s. (67 m.p.h.). Target average was 2 m. 15 s. or 64 m.p.h. allowing a small margin for refuelling, tyre changes and other eventualities. Gales and driving rain, especially at night, brought lap times down to 2 m. 20 s. or 2 m. 25 s. (59.6 to 61.7 m.p.h.) which had to be made up for later. Tyre-drag had a surprising effect. Preliminary tests showed that it would be difficult to maintain the average even with normal tyres inflated to 50 per cent over standard pressures. Salvadori had been lapping at 2 m. 20 s. As an experiment his car was then fitted with four Michelin X tyres and in five laps he brought his times down to 2 m. 13 s. This result, added to the longer wear and hence fewer pit stops, dictated the

decision to use Michelin X. The left front tyre was changed every 360 miles and all four were changed every 720 miles.

Higher cornering speeds increased stresses on stub axles, steering and suspension and every driver expected wheels to break off before the 7 days were over. In fact, I was the only victim. Cornering in No. 3, the crash car, at 75 m.p.h. just before dawn on the last night, there was a loud crack and the car started to spin. I managed to keep it on the road through a series of slides though a half-shaft had sheared and the left hand rear wheel had come off. A replacement was fitted and I was off again in 43 minutes. This mishap was probably a result of the original accident.

We made our headquarters for the week at the Richmond Arms. Host Gordon Hood-Cree and his wife coped cheerfully. We left astonished at the ruggedness and stability of these Anglias. The track test was observed by the R.A.C. and the results are recorded below.

Car No.	Drivers	Laps	Mileage	Av. Speed	Fuel Cons.
1	Graham Hill T. C. Harrison Keith Ballisat	4,362	10,468.8	62.34 m.p.h.	32.07 m.p.g.
2	Bruce McLaren Edward Harrison Tommy Wisdom	4,343	10,423.2	61.89 m.p.h.	32.75 m.p.g.
3	Roy Salvadori John Mitchell Gordon Wilkins	4,319	10,365.6	61.53 m.p.h.	31.85 m.p.g.



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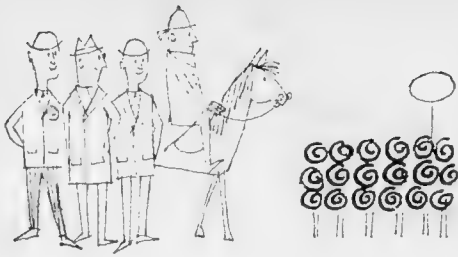
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MAN'S WORLD

David
Morton

IF YOU'RE TIRED OF BEING SPUN THE same old yarn—go and have a look at what the woollen and worsted merchants are up to. Men thinking of having a new suit made can get a much wider choice by selecting the cloth from the vast range that is displayed in the London showrooms of the firms who supply the tailor. I emphasize the word *choose*: you won't be able to *buy* the cloth—that is the tailor's job. But while there is no financial benefit, the other advantages make the visit worth-while. Apart from a wider range of materials than your tailor can show you, you will know immediately if your choice is out of stock or discontinued—so avoiding the frustration of having to make a second choice. Then, all the merchants I have visited have been delighted to bring out a bolt of cloth for you to see; this is vital, because the small area seen in the pattern books may look so different in the piece (this applies particularly to patterned cloth). Finally you are dealing with experts who will be glad to advise about the characteristics and advantages of their

cloths. I always ask my tailor to come with me on these visits and he advises me on the best house to go to for a particular type of cloth.

I can personally recommend five merchants with showrooms in London. All of them supply cloth to the best tailors in the world and would, I suspect, be reluctant to supply it to a tailor of dubious talents. As some of their cloths have a definite "house-style" it can be harmful to their reputations if their cloth is made up badly.

Alphabetically, then: DORMEUIL LIMITED (14 Warwick Street, W.1) showed me two excellent new cloths. The first is a 59 per cent mohair, 41 per cent worsted, of medium weight (13-14 oz.), which makes it ideal for wearing the year round. It has a rather lustrous smooth finish which makes it inhospitable to dirt, and the high mohair content keeps the creases where the tailor intended them to be. This is "Tonik" cloth. The second is a follow up of Dormeuil's "Sportex" range. In the past this has been produced in tweed only, but is now available in 100 per cent worsted—very strong,

19-20 oz., and made in Scotland. I think it would keep its shape well.

I am currently having a suit made from tweed I chose at JOHN C. HARDY (4 New Burlington Street). They report a trend towards olive shades, because, as they say, many men think they cannot wear brown. If that's so, their prejudice should wilt in front of the subtle patterns and shades of the worsted suitings. Even in the more formal cloths, there are traces of rich brilliant colour in the weave. Olive colours are also on show in their tweeds.

HUNT & WINTHERBOTHAM (12 Golden Square) had a marked demand for silk & worsted cloths last season, as an alternative to mohair for summer wear; light, lustrous cloth with a small pattern area. But mohair and three-ply worsted is well represented in their "Tango" range, 13-14 oz., in a wide range of pattern or colour for town or country. These are both ideally spring and summer suits to think about for next year, but, of course, they have an excellent collection of heavier materials for winter.

There are about 2,000 patterns in KEITH & HENDERSON'S stock (12 Savile Row). Glen checks and houndstooth checks, and small, neat designs, colourful but subdued, are in demand from them; they have some fine 100 per cent worsteds in winter weights—I liked especially the dark Prince of Wales patterns,

with traces of colour in them that have a stained-glass richness. If this sounds alarming, remember that the overall effect from about two feet away is that of an almost sombre cloth.

Last of the five is WAIN, SHIELL & SON of 2 Savile Row. I have marked down one of their covered worsteds for a suit next spring. These are 12-13 oz. in weight, and are available in a pleasing variety of small patterns and colours. Their "Silgora" cloth (9-10 oz.) is a mixture of silk, mohair & worsted in pleasant colours; if you want a light jacket made you would do well to look at their "Airoport" cloth—worsted and mohair, 10-11 oz. "Silcalaine" is a new cloth, and with a name like that you get no marks for guessing that it's wool and silk mixture; it's primarily produced for sports jackets.

To sum up the trends: a continued demand for cloth containing mohair—because it doesn't crease easily. Olive shades if you don't like brown. Still popular—small pattern areas, offset by the bright colours that appear in traces. If you decided to play it cool last summer, and bought a lightweight suit, don't despair. Next summer might not be as bad as this one. And remember that at the beginning of the century the average weight of man's suiting was about 21 oz. a yard. Perhaps the polar ice caps are melting faster than we think.

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DINING IN

Helen Burke

Cabbages and things

SUPPLIES CHANGE WITH THE seasons and now it's the time for red cabbage—though it's really more purple than red. Country folk pickle it to serve with the classic Lancashire hot-pot, but in Normandy the thrifty housewife uses it for a crisp salad that also has the advantage of looking decorative. Here is how one Norman woman makes it:

Discard the outer leaves then cut the cabbage into eighths, remove the cores and slice the remainder into slender strips. Make a French dressing of olive oil blended with mustard, pepper and salt to taste, trickling into them tarragon vinegar, beating all the time so that the mixture is thick and not at all like the separated sauces one so often meets. Use three

parts oil to one of vinegar. Just before the meal, cut a tart apple into small strips and add them to the dressing at once so that they do not become rusty. Then add the red cabbage.

Additions to red cabbage salad can be shredded horse-radish and sliced cooked beetroot, or half the amount of cabbage in chicory (Belgian endive) cut into rounds, or half the amount of cabbage in sliced heart of celery. Vegetarians would like to add 1 oz. chopped walnut meats or grated cheese and perhaps a little thinly sliced Spanish onion, sprinkling the whole with freshly chopped parsley. Even though such salads are full of strong and contrasting flavours, they make excellent meal-starters and, if cold meat is the main course,

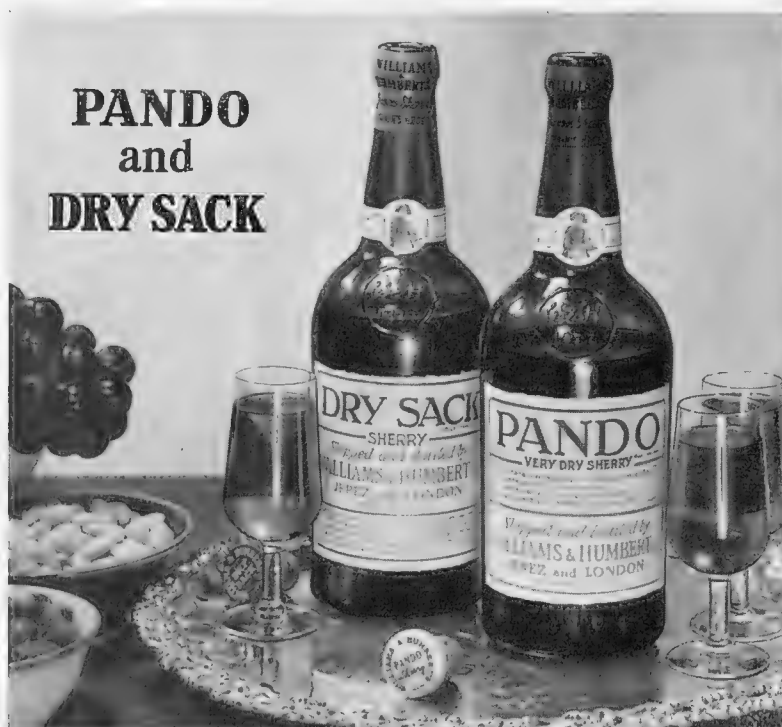
they team up very well with it.

The great American winter salad called *Cole Slaw* is made with a firm white cabbage but I think that a Savoy, when available, makes an even better one. Slice it in the same way as for the red cabbage salad above. It should not require washing but, if it does, drain it well and spread it on a cloth. Always give it a short period in the refrigerator and dress it only at the last minute. Cooked salad dressing is usual but I myself prefer real mayonnaise diluted with a little oil and vinegar. Additions to *Cole Slaw* may be long shreds of raw carrot and sliced green or red sweet peppers.

In Scandinavia, the Germanic countries and some parts of provincial France, they cook red cabbage. Boulestin once published a recipe for an excellent red cabbage dish which he called *Chou Rouge Tyrolienne*. Here it is: Take a red cabbage, clean it and remove the core; cut it into smallish pieces and put them in an earthenware saucepan with a little pork fat and a piece of smoked bacon. Season well, cook for a few minutes and add a cup of either stock or water. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, for about 3 hours. About half an hour before the end, add a dozen chestnuts, previously cooked (first boiled, then lightly fried in pork fat or butter). Serve

as a separate vegetable dish or with roast game. It does make quite a good main dish in its own right, provided a piece of bacon is part of it. I suggest collar, because the meat and fat in it are nicely distributed. If three hours' cooking seems a lot for the bacon—and it is—I suggest that it be added much later in the cooking period. Any saucepan will do.

A useful little cookery book that has just come my way is *Poultry and Game*, edited by Rachael Ryan for the National Federation of Women's Institutes and published at 2s. 6d. It is a small book (56 pages) but each recipe is one that anyone could follow. In addition to the usual birds, there are recipes for plover, snipe and woodcock—and even one for squirrel stew! Another of the recipes is for chicken in brandy, listed as a "luxury dish." Joint a young chicken and season it with salt and pepper. Cook for 30 minutes in 4 oz. butter in a heavy pan over moderate heat until brown and tender. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sliced mushrooms and cook for another 5 minutes. Pour in a tablespoon of warmed brandy and set it alight. Remove the chicken and mushrooms and keep hot. Blend a tablespoon of flour in the pan, stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons of tomato paste and $\frac{3}{4}$ pint cream. Re-season, if necessary, simmer for 10 minutes, then pour the sauce over the chicken.



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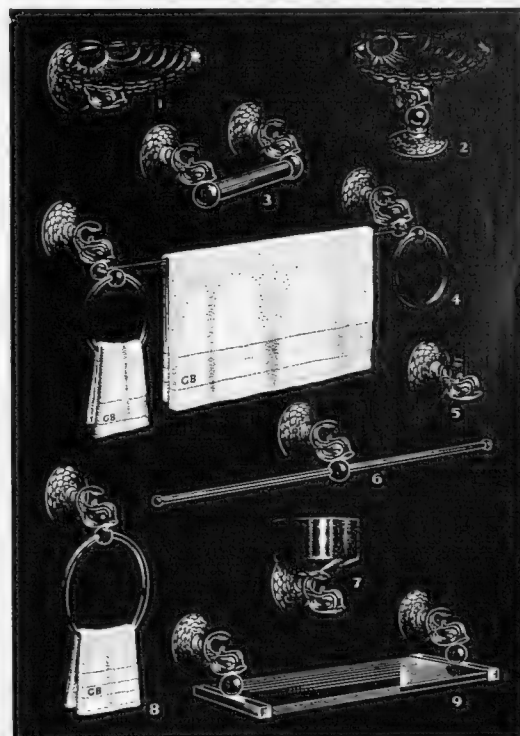
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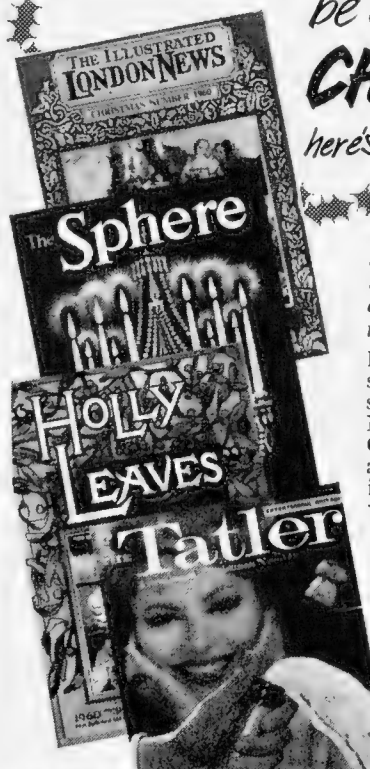
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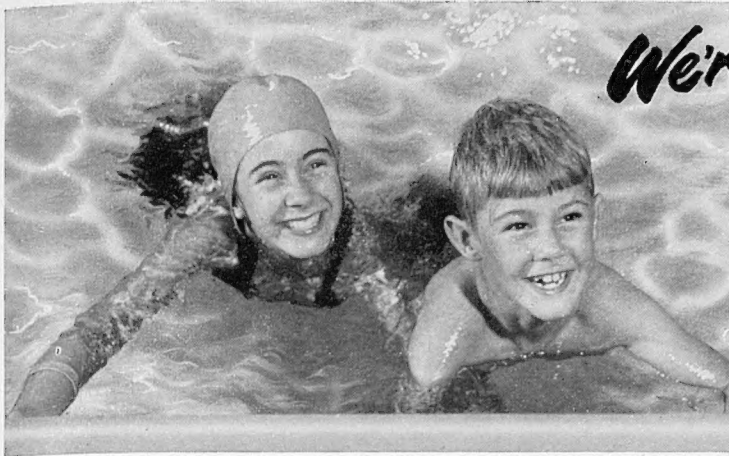
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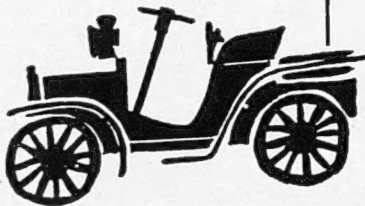
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